

SPANISH SKETCHES.

AMONG the masses of the people in the interior of Spain the memory of the six centuries of struggle with the Moors, and their expulsion for ever from Spain, is still vivid. Hardly a popular ballad sung by the peasant at his toil, the muleteer on his lonely way over the sierras, or the artisan at his loom, but has touching allusion to the glories of Pelayo, or of the Cid Campeador; and the repartees of the Andalusians when quarrelling with each other are often apt quotations from the *Romancero*. The "Moors" seems to be the general appellation given to every enemy with whom his country is at war by the peasant. You may fancy, then, what the feeling of the Spaniard of the old stock (for you still find, in parts of the Castiles, among the agricultural classes, specimens of what the *hidalgo* was), the "Christiano viejo y rancio," when he finds that the enemy his countrymen are about to encounter in battle are really Moors. O'Donnell could not embark in a war more popular; and if success crown the expedition, and if the trophies won from the Infidel are brought in triumph from Algeiras to Madrid to adorn the Museum, we may count upon having a new *Romancero*, in which the chieftain with the Milesian name will figure as the Cid of the nineteenth century. The day the Queen goes in state to the Chapel of Atocha to lay her votive offerings before the altar and return thanks for the victories of the Cross over the Crescent will be a proud day for Spaniards.

At the present moment, then, a few Sketches of the Spanish people will not be uninteresting to our readers; and we are glad to have it in our power to publish the annexed Engravings of some of the most prominent street characters.

In Spain an artist-tourist is greatly embarrassed what to choose as subjects for his pencil. We will suppose him to have reached Madrid, which, like all capitals, is the rendezvous of people from every province and of every condition in life. We will, in addition, suppose him to have established his domicile at the Puerta del Sol, on the open space formed by the junction of the Alcala, Montera, Mayor, and Las Carretas streets, the spot most frequented by every description of idler and lounge, such as served Cervantes and Lopez de Vega for models. The man wrapped in the voluminous folds of his woollen mantle, which he never quits even when exposed to the burning rays of a southern sun, is the Spanish watchman, or sereno. He is armed with a lance, from the long pointed barb of which dangles a lantern. A dog that, like his master, is well covered and protected by a thick shaggy coat, is his never-failing companion, and, like the blind man's dog, he is strongly attached to his owner—by a cord. The sereno, in addition to his duty of crying out the hours during his nightly rounds, also acquaints the sleepers with the state of the weather. Now, in a favoured country like Spain, the indications of the barometer are not of a very variable kind, and the intimation conveyed by the guardian of the streets is usually to the effect that "It's all serene;" hence the term "sereno." The serenoes have regular beats, like our own policemen, and, besides acting the part of perambulating time-pieces, their duties are to pick up drunken stragglers, and to keep watch and ward over public order and morals. Should any roistering students refuse to give heed to the paternal remonstrances of the Spanish constable, or should they be inclined to resist the "Don Roberto" in the execution of his duty, the latter has only to give a whistle, and all the neighbouring serenoes hasten to his assistance. The disturbers of the peace soon find themselves surrounded by the spear points of a veritable "Macedonian phalanx." No choice is left but that of surrender, and a quiet night in the lock-up.

The fat, dark-clad man, with a corporation that would do honour to a City alderman, wearing on his head a black skull-cap, is a priest (*racionero*) of the Chapter of Toledo, the Archbishop of which is Primate of Spain. Although, during the revolutionary disorders, impious hands made free with the property of the see, yet the chapter is sufficiently flourishing to allow its canons to play at tresillo, to smoke the choicest Havannah cigars, to occupy the best seats in the bull-ring, to entertain with small talk the duenna and her charge, to fill, in fact, the various requirements of a fat living.

The Mayoral, or muleteer, is a person of considerable importance in Spain, where most of the travelling is performed under his guidance. This mode of locomotion, when the party is small, is very common, and is perhaps the cheapest and safest manner. The "ordinarios" who go from town to town frequently compound with regularly-established bands of robbers by paying a certain black mail, which secures their safe passage. These muleteers (*arrieros*) are, moreover, the best persons to consult as to the actual condition of roads and those particulars which, changing from day to day, cannot be otherwise ascertained. They are most social and gregarious amongst each other, and will often endeavour to derange their employers' line of route in order to fall in with that of their chance-met comrades. The caravan, like a snowball, increases in bulk as it rolls on. It is often pretty considerable at the very outset, for, even before starting, the muleteers, being well known to each other, communicate mutually the number of travellers each has got. The muleteer either walks by the side of his animal or sits aloft on the cargo, with his feet dangling on the neck, a seat which by no means is so uncomfortable as it would appear. His rude gun hangs in readiness by his side; the approach of the caravan is announced from afar: "How carols now the lusty muleteer!" For, when not engaged in swearing or smoking, the live-long day is passed in one monotonous high-pitched song, which, like that of the cognate camel-driver in the East, is little in harmony with his cheerful humour, being most unmusical and melancholy; but such is the true type of Oriental melody, as it is called. The same absence of thought which is shown in England by whistling is displayed in Spain by singing: accordingly, either a song, an oath, or a cigar, is always in his mouth. The companion of the muleteer is the Escopetero, who is to the former what the guard of our old stage-coaches used to be to the coachman. The unsafe condition of the country for travelling makes some kind of escort absolutely indispensable. Spain is what England was sixty years ago, with Hounslow Heath and Finchley Common, and what Italy was very lately. Those who travel generally hire armed peasants to act as a body guard, who are called Escopeteros—people with guns, a definition which is applicable to all Spaniards. These escopeteros, occasionally robbers themselves, live either by robbery or by the prevention of it, and they naturally endeavour to alarm travellers with over-exaggerated accounts of danger, in order that their services may be engaged.

The porters and domestics who find occupation in Madrid generally

come from the mountainous provinces in the north of Spain. The Asturians, for instance, largely recruit this class of people, and it is they who supply the aquadores, or water-carriers. Another genus, the Galicians, are to be seen at the corners of the streets with a stout cord over the shoulder instead of a porter's knot. They gain their daily bread by going on messages, and carrying heavy burdens, gleaming by the sweat of their brow a few piasters, which they hoard up till the time comes for them to go and die in their own country. It is they who at the public festivals play a species of bagpipes, an ancient instrument of their province, called a gaeta gallega.

portals of the churches; they sit before the Beautiful Gate—the old and established resort of cynics and mendicants. There they cluster, like barnacles, unchanged since the days of Martial, with their wallet, staff, dog, filthy tatters and hair, and barking importunity. Their conventional whine is of all times and countries; no man begs in his natural voice. Their tact and ingenuity are amazing; surer than any ecclesiastical almanack they know every service which will be the best performed in any particular church; thither they migrate, always preferring that where the saint, relic, show, or whatever it may be, attracts the devout. The beggars, while they lift up the heavy curtain which



THE WATCHMAN.
THE MARAGATO.

THE PRIEST.
THE WATER-CARRIER.
THE BEGGAR.

THE MAYORAL.
THE GAETERO GALLEGO.

SPANISH COSTUMES.

Maragato is the name given to the inhabitants of the mountains of León. These people still dress as they did in the time of Gil Blas, with baggy breeches, large-brimmed hat, and tightly-fitting leathern doublet. The maragato who comes to seek service in Madrid is usually the husband, brother, or cousin of some pasiega, as the women of their district are called, and who invariably is nursemaid in a nobleman's house or at some rich tradesman's.

Of beggars there are numbers in Madrid, and indeed in all parts of Spain. Spanish beggars are dead to all shame; indeed, as Homer says, that feeling is of no use in their profession. They wear away the

hangs before the church door, always allude to the particular object of the day's veneration as an additional inducement for a trifling donation, and the smallest is given and accepted. In Spain there is none of our operative philoprogenitiveness, such as "fourteen small children," "widow with twins," &c. There the appeal is a religious one: "Por el amor de Dios"—"For the love of God!"

There is, moreover, in Spain, a licensed class of beggars, who are privileged by the alcaides of their towns; they wear a badge, and are much affronted if, on showing it, they get nothing. The universal badge is, however, a display of rags and sores; and each tries to outdo

his rival by presenting the most attractive exhibition of a disgusting condition. They are the pets of all artists, for it seems as if the pauper groups had stepped out from one of Murillo's pictures, and become living beings.

The *majo* (the *Figaro* of our theatres) is entirely by word, and deed, of Moorish extraction; he is the local dandy, the "Don Juan" of the peasants. The *majo* glitters in velvets and filigree buttons, tags and tassels; his dress is as gay in colour as the rainbow; external appearance is everything with him: he is, in fact, an out-and-out swell. He is amorous of course, and full of "requiebros," or passing jests, compliments, and repartees. He addresses his *manola* or *maja* with Oriental devotion; she is the light of his soul and eyes. An elegant,

chulos, when they walk in procession around the arena, before the bull-fight commences. The right front fold is whipped rapidly under the left elbow, which is pressed down at the same time to catch it, thus forming a deep bosom and leaving the arms at liberty.

The youth with the guitar is a student. He is easily told by his hat, half *montera*, half three-cornered—by his rags and rusty mantle, which once might have been black. He is of those of whom it was said in the time of Cervantes, "they are soup candidates," which meant that they flocked with other beggars to the convent-gates for a mess of porridge. At the present day they beg their bread from *café* to *café*, guitar in hand. But this is no dishonour to them, and their *hidalgo* pride shines forth as bright as ever through the holes in their habili-

forms more exploits than did the *Cid* and *Fernando Cortes*. But it is at the public festivals, at the bull-fights, that they are to be seen in all their glory. On such occasions they form a portion of the state and ceremony. They then encase their legs in silken hose; on their heads they place a magnificent beaver, ornamented with waving plumes; over their shoulders is thrown a mantle à la *Crispin*; and, were it not for the staff of office they bear with them, each *alguazil* might be taken for a gallant of the comedies of *Calderon*.

A few words may be said in conclusion on the national dances of the Spanish people. Each province has its own peculiar one. The chief dances are the *Jota* of *Aragon*, the *Rondalla* and *Fiera* of *Valencia*, the *Bolero*, *Fandango*, *Cachuca*, and *Sereni* of *Andalusia*, the *Zapateado* and *Seguidilla* of *La Mancha*, the *Habas Verdes* of *Leon* and *Old Castile*, the *Muneira* and *Danza Prima* of the *Asturias*, and the *Zortico* of *Biscay*.

The "seguidilla," the guitar, and the dance, at this moment form the joy of careless poverty, the repose of sunburnt labour. The poor forget their toils, nay, they forget even their meals. In every venta and courtyard, in spite of a long day's work and scanty fare, at the sound of the guitar and click of the castanets a new life is breathed into their veins. So far from feeling past fatigue, the very fatigue of the dance seems refreshing. What exercise displays the ever-varying charms of female grace and the contour of manly form like the fascinating *Bolero*? The accompaniment of the castanet gives employment to their upraised arms; *c'est le pantomime d'amour*. The enamoured youth—the coy, coquettish maiden! Who shall describe the advance—her timid retreat—his eager pursuit? Now they gaze on each other, now on the ground; now all is life, love, and action; now there is a pause—they stop motionless at a moment and grow into the earth. It carries all before it. There is nothing indecent in this dance, though the *Toledan* clergy once wished to put it down, on the ground of immorality. The dancers were allowed in evidence to give a sample before the Court convened to try the cause. When they began, the Bench and Bar showed symptoms of restlessness, and at last, casting aside gowns and briefs, joined, as if tarantula-bitten, in the irresistible capering. Verdict for the defendants, with costs.

MR. WARD'S JOURNEY TO PEKIN.

THE American newspapers are occupied by a very long narrative of the adventures of the American Minister in his course to *Pekin*, and in his successful efforts to obtain a ratification of *Mr. Reed's* treaty. It appears that on the Wednesday after the battle at the mouth of the *Peiho* the steam-tender *Tougean* was dispatched northwards upon a cruise of discovery to ascertain the locality designated by the petty officers at the *Taku* Forts as the spot where the American Minister would find the means of proceeding towards the capital. As the coast was dangerous and unsurveyed the tender brought up at a village, and committed to the custody of the inhabitants a letter to the Governor-General of the province of *Chihli*. This letter was answered in due course, and an appointment was made for an interview at *Pehtang*, which appears to be about twelve miles from the mouth of the *Peiho*, but in a position not visible from the sea. In this previously unknown town *Mr. Ward* was detained twelve days, and the description given of it is certainly not that of a pleasant residence. On the 20th of July the American Minister, having settled through the Chinese authorities the number of his foreign escort, which was limited to twenty, having received letters of introduction from the Russian Governor of Eastern Siberia to the Russian Minister at *Pekin*, and having been politely saluted by two Russian steamers which happened, by a singular felicity, to be anchored off the town, left his ship and confided himself to the guidance of the Chinese officers, who undertook to take him to their capital. The conveyance provided for this journey is described, in the language of the American embassy, as "a covered box set on one pair of wheels, in which the occupant sits on cushions laid at the bottom." The embassy speculated that this box, seeing that it carried the traveller's baggage within and behind, and protected him against rain and that, might have been a comfortable conveyance if it had been furnished with springs, and if the road had had no more than an average quantity of ruts and holes. Thus the cortège started from *Pehtang*, directing their course nearly due west across a saline barren plain, and passing a small ditch-like stream which connects the *Peiho* with the *Pehtang* river, but had scarcely sufficient water to float a ship's gig.

The end of the second day's journey brought them to *Pehhang*, a town about twelve miles above *Tien-Tsin*, and on the *Peiho* River. Here they were put into five Chinese boats, and for five days were drawn, by deliberate stages, up the windings of the *Peiho*, to the city of *Tung-chau*, where the navigation ends. Again they had to ensconce themselves in those excruciating boxes, and they were jolted along the road leading to the capital. They describe this road with expressive horror as one of "unutterable depravity." Thus, in boxes upon wheels, or upon Tartar ponies, or on foot, the Americans reached the long suburb which leads up to the eastern gate of the capital. Passing along the suburb and through the gate, they wended their way to the lodgings prepared for them along an unpaved avenue five-and-thirty yards wide, which rain and traffic had converted into a quagmire, and through which horses, carts, and drivers were floundering in great confusion. However, on the 27th of July *Mr. Ward* and his suite were safely housed in "Thirteenth-street, *Pekin*."

The Chinese, who adhere more pertinaciously to precedent even than *Lord Elgin* himself, began, immediately he was housed, to play off upon *Mr. Ward* the same tactics which had been used in the *Amherst* and *Macartney* Embassies. A few pages from the records of either of these would describe with a general fidelity all that now took place. Of course, the question raised was that of the ceremony to be performed at the audience with the

Emperor. Mandarins were sent to explain that the "three kneelings and nine knocks of the head on the floor" could not be expected of *Mr. Ward*, but that the Emperor would be satisfied in his case with "one kneeling and three knocks." These mandarins did not hesitate to say that they regarded the homage paid their monarch as of the same sort given to gods, and would burn incense to the President, as well as make the *ko-tau* to him, if required at *Washington*, in order to manifest entire respect. This did not alter *Mr. Ward's* views, however; and the Commissioners retired to consider what was to be done. At length they hit on a plan. They proposed that when the American Minister came before the throne he should bow low, and then two chamberlains would approach and raise him up



THE MAJO.

THE ESCOPETERO.
THE SEGUIDILLA.
DANCE OF VALENCIA.

SPANISH COSTUMES.

THE ALGUAZIL.
THE MANOLA.

well turned-out *manola* animates the whole vicinity. All men give the wall to her, many uncloak themselves, while students cast their tattered capes on the ground for the spangled feet to pass over. The *majo* and the *maja* are essentially Spanish; the fashions of *Paris* and *London* have not as yet been able to set aside their picturesque costumes. No tailor nor handbook can make a *majo*. Nor let any stranger venture too soon to play their frisks and gambols. Those who can, and do it well, become the envy and admiration of the *Plaza*. The *majo* of the lower classes often degenerates into a "bravo," a bully, a fire-eater, and a flash man, who levies forfeit-money from all who will not fight him. A fine thing it is to see the superlative way in which the *majo* drapes himself. His fashion of wearing the cloak is that which is adopted by the

ments. It is related of one of these poor disciples of learning that, while walking gravely along the streets one summer's day, draped in a bespattered mantle, a wag ran up to him with the following request: "Ah, *senor* student," cried he, "a wasp has just stung me on the face; prithee, give me a little of the mud from your cloak to cure the wound." The student turned with great dignity, and spreading out his mantle, gravely asked the would-be satirist which year's mud he would prefer?

Another prominent character in our Sketches is the *Alguazil*, so familiar to all readers of Spanish romances. In ordinary life he fills much the same station as does our sheriff's officer. He arrests debtors, sells their effects by auction in the market-place, and every year per-

with the exclamation, "Don't kneel!" This happy expedient, however, was of no avail; the Emperor would have none of it; deeding that unless the American Minister would either touch one knee or his fingers to the ground he would not see him. Mr. Ward demurred; and when the Imperial Ministers found that the barbarian's prejudices were as strong as ever, and that Mr. Ward could not, consistently with his personal and national respectability, consent to adore the Emperor of China in a kneeling posture, the residence at Peking ended just as, with the somewhat doubtful exception of Lord Macartney's Embassy, all other Embassies have terminated. Mr. Ward was civilly dismissed from the capital, taken back in his old boxes and boats to Peking, and in that little seaport town the ratified copy of the American treaty was handed to him. Of course, Mr. Ward at the same time delivered to the Commissioners the American ratification. But whether they took this back to Peking, or whether the same fate awaits this which happened to the former treaty which the Americans made with Yeh, and which was found among Yeh's private papers when he was taken at Canton, it is impossible to say. Something worse appears to have happened already. The Canton correspondent of the *Morning Post* says:—"On the arrival of the mission at Shanghai the American merchants put themselves in readiness to enjoy the extended rights to which they imagined the new treaty admitted them, but here they found themselves unexpectedly at a loss. The American treaty contains few specific stipulations—Mr. Reed's intricate diplomacy of last year having been entirely devoted, it would seem, to the insertion of the 'favoured-nation' clause, by means of which he hoped to escape the appearance of pressing too hard on his Chinese friends, while he secured the fruits of Lord Elgin's and Baron Gros' exertions. If, however, the private accounts received from Shanghai are correct, this cute policy has failed of its expected result. The Chinese are reported as having quietly informed the Americans that their 'favoured-nation' clause shall take effect when those favoured nations have their treaties ratified, but not before." And, if private American letters from China speak truth, Mr. Ward was, with studied intent to ridicule him, drawn to Peking by a mule and a donkey, tandem fashion.

"Of course the Ministers of the Emperor of China took the opportunity of the presence of the American Embassy to give their own version of the Peiho affair. The officer whom Mr. Ward recognised as the Imperial Prime Minister did not attempt to deny that the attack upon our flotilla was an Imperial act, but he urged that the Emperor had a right to bar his own rivers and to fire upon all ships attempting to force the impediments. He declared that the English, in forcing the barriers at Taku, had broken the treaty, and not the Chinese, upon whom the responsibility of the violation did not rest. He concluded his harangue with the remarks that the hostile feelings of the English were also seen in their bringing as large, if not larger, force to exchange their treaty than they had to make it, while the peaceful designs of the Americans were proved by their coming in only one vessel. This aged statesman could certainly be excused," says the account from which we quote, "for this expression of his feelings and views on the recent events, in which he had borne so large a part, at any place; but it appeared to his foreign auditors that he was at the time talking rather to his countrymen in the room. The sang-froid of some of them in taking off their hats and seating themselves at side-tables led to the inference that they were much higher in rank and influence than their crystal buttons indicated, and the Premier must explain his acts before them in unmistakable terms."

The answer to Kweilang on our part is that the treaty about to be ratified gave a right of passage up the inner waters, and that it was implied that the Ambassador would go up to ratify this treaty by the same way that the Ambassador had taken who had gone to negotiate it. The Ambassadors found no evidence that the obstruction of the river was an Imperial act. The forts were silent and apparently unarmed. The party which went ashore to parley was told that there were only a few rural militia there, and no officer having any authority to communicate. It was not until the flotilla advanced to pass up the river that these falsehoods were discovered by the sudden appearance of an army which had been crouching under the battlements, by the casting down of the disguises which had masked the guns, and by a discharge of all those guns upon the spot to which the English flotilla had been drawn.

SIR JOHN BOWRING ON HIS DEFENCE.—In reply to an address of congratulation on his return to England, presented by the citizens of Exeter on Thursday week, Sir John Bowring vindicated his Chinese policy, speaking at great length. As regards Hong-Kong he said:—"I found there 30,000 inhabitants, and when I resigned my powers I left 90,000. There was a large deficit of revenue, and I have left a large surplus. There was a trade of 300,000 tons per annum; I have left of 7,500,000." Referring to the old question of the China debate, Sir John Bowring said:—"I have been looking through the debates in *Hansard* for the last day or two, and I can hardly fancy how I can have the presumption, if I be such a monster as I am painted in those debates, to present myself before my fellow-citizens. I find that I am called 'proud, arrogant, insulting, cruel, unjust, deceptive, perfidious, corrupt, false, blustering, violent, senseless, obstinate, unjustifiable, overbearing, unhalloved, indiscreet, impolitic, immoral, disgusting, atrocious, merciless, unwise, obnoxious, oppressive, mischievous, mendacious, incapable, thoughtless, servile, lawless, presumptuous, brutal, absurd, barbarous, tyrannical, the violator of three commandments of the Decalogue.' But there is one phrase that is quite Oriental, and its origin might be traced to the man who carried off the gates of Somnauth. He declared I 'exhibited the ferocity of a Nadir Shah by the side of the miserable and wretched policy of a clerk in a counting-house.' My representations were declared to be exasperating and untrue, to be full of gross insults and injuries, full of quibbling, and presenting an eternal obstacle to peace. Now, I ask, if I was such a false Minister, why, when Lord Derby and Lord Malmesbury came into power, I was not recalled, but was allowed to remain disgracing my country? Gentlemen, the Parliamentary object of the aspersions upon me had been served. Public opinion had proclaimed that Sir John Bowring was not the criminal he had been represented, and he was not removed from his post until Mr. Bruce came to supersede him. But those flattering painters—how did they describe Commissioner Yeh? He was 'humane and politic'; he was 'knowing and temperate'; he was 'mild and conciliatory'; he was 'gentlemanly, courteous, and reasonable.' His despatches were declared to be ' terse, logical, argumentative,' exhibiting 'great ability' and the calmness of a 'reasoning mind'; he was 'acute and sensible.' Every word I have quoted from *Hansard's Parliamentary Debates*."

SOUP FOR THE EMPEROR.—Bullin's lithographic sheet gives the following curious letter as having been addressed to the Emperor Napoleon. It was detained at the office for examining petitions to his Majesty:—"Sir,—Being the possessor of a small property in the Beaujolais, favoured by a good soil for wine and turnips, and on Wednesday, two days before Christmas, my wife having made us a soup of these turnips, I found the taste so exquisite and so sweet that the idea of our dear Emperor instantly occurred to me, and I said to my wife and my two sons, 'Their Majesties have not, perhaps, a better soup.' Then a happy inspiration passed through the mind of my eldest son, and he said, 'Father, you ought to send a cask to their Majesties.' Sir, we are giving effect to the idea. May the vegetables be agreeable to you, and we shall esteem ourselves so fortunate to have procured you that trifling pleasure. (We have more of them still.) I am, with the most profound respect, Sir, your very humble and very devoted subject, P. BELMONT, shirtmaker at Koissay (Ain)." This letter was followed by a second, in which P. Belmont prayed that the eldest son (he who had conceived such an excellent idea) might be exempted from military service. It is not stated whether his Majesty has approved the soup or exempted the son.

TRADE FRAUDS.—A meeting of manufacturers and merchants, convened by circular, was held at the Guildhall Coffeehouse on Friday week, to take into consideration the practice of selling goods falsely labelled, and to adopt measures for the purpose of putting an end to such practice. The following resolutions were adopted:—"That in the opinion of this meeting the practice of making up goods with marks or false labels denoting a greater quantity than they really contain is a serious evil, and it is incumbent on all manufacturers and traders to discountenance the practice by every means in their power. That an association be formed for the purpose of putting a stop to the practice alluded to; and that the following gentlemen, with power to add to their number, be appointed a committee to prepare rules and resolutions for the guidance of the association, and fix upon the amount of the annual subscription, and submit the same for approval to a future meeting."

A LUNATIC CLERGYMAN.—A commission of lunacy sat this week to inquire into the state of mind of Mr. Wilcock, a clergyman of the Church of England. The personal examination of Mr. Wilcock unquestionably proved that he was labouring under a variety of delusions, and the jury had, therefore, no alternative but to authorise his being put under restraint.

CONSERVATIVE DEMONSTRATION AT LIVERPOOL.

THE long-anticipated banquet to Lord Derby at Liverpool took place on Saturday evening in the Philharmonic Hall. About six hundred persons, admitted by two-guinea tickets, were seated at the tables laid in the body of the hall. The boxes were devoted to the ladies; the majority of whom displayed the local Conservative colours—red and blue. The galleries were densely crowded by gentlemen admitted after dinner. Mr. Francis Shand (President of the Liverpool Constitutional Association) was chairman; and among the company were the Earl of Malmesbury, the Earl of Eglinton, the Earl of Hardwicke, the Marquis of Salisbury, Lord Chelmsford, the Earl of Wilton, the Earl of Donoughmore, Lord Ravensworth, Lord Kingsdown, Lord Stanley, Mr. Disraeli, Mr. Napier, the Marquis of Bath, Lord Grey de Wilton, Mr. Seymour Fitzgerald, Sir John Pakington, Sir Hugh Cairns, Sir W. Jolliffe, and other eminent gentlemen.

On the arrival of the principal guests, and before the dinner, they were conducted into the large refreshment-room of the hall, where an address, signed by above 7000 Conservatives, was presented to Lord Derby. At the banquet itself the utmost enthusiasm prevailed, and as a "demonstration" the meeting was remarkably successful.

Of course the speeches of Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli were the great features of the evening. Lord Derby said in the course of his oration:—

Gentlemen, I have watched with the deepest anxiety and I have seen with the highest gratification the progressive improvement in strength, in unity, in everything which marks political power, of the Conservative party during the last fourteen years. I wish to speak in this assembly, as I have spoken upon all occasions, in terms of the highest respect for the distinguished genius and the personal character of that great statesman whom England has recently had to lament—the late Sir Robert Peel. Indeed, if upon any occasion I could speak of that great man in terms other than those which I have always used, it certainly would not be at a moment when a melancholy domestic calamity has prevented the attendance of his nearest relative—one of my most valued colleagues in the late Government (General Peel). But I am not saying anything disrespectful to the memory of a statesman with whom I had the honour of many years of personal friendship, and I believe of reciprocal esteem, when I state that the course which, at the close of 1845, was taken by the late Sir Robert Peel completely and entirely for the moment shattered the Conservative party in this country. I am now about to state a fact which I believe is not known to half a dozen individuals. Upon the failure of Lord John Russell's endeavour to form a Government I wrote confidentially to the most eminent man in the country, the late Duke of Wellington, a warm and cordial admirer and supporter of Sir Robert Peel, a man who had stood for many years the foremost man in the world in the eyes of his countrymen. I wrote to consult him as to the position of the Conservative party, and the best means of restoring that unity which had been so lamentably destroyed. I received a long letter from the Duke of Wellington, in which he explained to me that, having accepted, under the abortive attempt of Lord John Russell to form a Government, the duties of the neutral position of Commander-in-Chief, he considered he had for ever broken off his political connection with any party. He intimated, however, his concurrence in the opinion which I had ventured to express that the alienation of the Conservative party from Sir Robert Peel was not a mere temporary feeling, but that it was impossible he should ever again place himself at their head with any prospect of success; and the Duke of Wellington, I will not say untreated, but exhorted me, as a matter of duty to my Sovereign and to my country, to throw aside all doubts and all hesitations, and to assume at once the leadership of that great Conservative party whose existence and whose power he deemed to be essential to the wellbeing of the country in all its institutions, and he advised me, if her Majesty should at any time lay her commands upon me to attempt to form an Administration, not to be discouraged by any difficulty, except such as might be absolutely insuperable, but to sacrifice every other feeling to a desire of serving my Sovereign and my country. Gentlemen, for fourteen years I have endeavoured to act in the spirit of that wise and patriotic advice, coming from so eminent a man, and I have been rewarded by seeing the Conservative party rooting themselves in the feelings and hearts of the country, and, as our opponents are compelled to acknowledge, though in doing so their fears rather magnify our strength, forming at the present moment an absolute majority in Parliament. It is also admitted, with a melancholy sense of the painful contrast between the two sides, that the advantage thus obtained is doubled by the fact that our majority is that of a united party.

Gentlemen, you may perhaps ask me what is the use I desire to make of that greatly-increased Parliamentary strength, or, as our opponents say, of that majority, in the House of Commons? Perhaps I shall disappoint the expectation and wishes of some of the more enthusiastic, and probably of most of the younger, members of this assembly when I say that I have no desire for the immediate overthrow of the present Administration. I should hold the same language which I now do even if a momentary party advantage might be so gained; but there are considerations higher than those of party which have still greater weight with me—considerations of what is for the benefit of my Sovereign, for the reputation of the country in the eyes of foreign nations, and for the respect due to Parliament itself. All those considerations militate against a succession of ephemeral Governments, acquiring office by a bare majority, liable at any moment to be displaced by the caprice of some half dozen votes in the House of Commons, and exposing the Crown and the country to a perpetual change of persons and of principles, which renders all steady legislation impossible, and which, weakening their internal strength and their external power, paralyses the hands of those to whom the duties of administration may for the moment be entrusted. Moreover, gentlemen, it appears to me that the policy which is dictated by a due consideration of the interests of the country is also recommended by the interests of the party to which I have the honour to belong. It cannot be for the advantage of that party that for the third time it should be prematurely called upon to form a Government without sufficient strength to maintain itself against all attacks and against all combination.

The noble Earl then touched upon the difficulties of the present Government:—

Gentlemen, your worthy chairman has spoken of the period of difficulty and of anxiety at which we acceded to office. I believe that in some respects the difficulties and anxieties of the present Government are fully as great as those to which we were exposed. I know nothing beyond what I learn from the public organs of intelligence; but I am much mistaken if our foreign relations at the present moment are upon as satisfactory a footing, or are as generally amicable, as they were a few months ago. The present Government have difficulties to contend with in what is commonly called the Italian question, with respect to which I hope and trust they will be steady in their purpose not to entangle themselves in the negotiations of any Congress that may be proposed. They have difficulties in China. They have difficulties upon the coast of Africa—difficulties which may seriously threaten us unless a decided tone be taken, and unless this country is disposed to maintain rights which are absolutely essential to its welfare. They have difficulties in the North Pacific where our Transatlantic brethren appear, if I may use a familiar expression, to be "trying it on." They are contending with difficulties in various quarters, but they are not difficulties which may not be surmounted by a mixture of firmness and good temper, and at the same time by a determination to maintain the rights and the honour of England. Ministers have, on the other hand, great advantages in their favour. They preside over the destinies of a nation which never at any time was so abounding in material resources, in wealth and in prosperity, as it is at the present moment. They preside over a nation in which commerce is flourishing and active almost beyond precedent, and at the same time, as I believe, free from all undue speculation. They preside over a country in which labour is abundantly employed, and the population is generally contented. They have the consciousness that within a certain number of months—I shall not say how many—the military and naval resources of the country have been greatly improved, and that, if our national defences are not altogether what we would desire them to be, our great fortifications of Gibraltar and Malta have received from the labours of the late Government an amount of reinforcement which has placed them in a far better position of defence than they have enjoyed for the last twenty years. Moreover, they know they preside over a country the population of which are again alive to the necessity of maintaining adequate defensive armaments, in which our military ardour has been again awakened, and in which private and personal efforts will not be spared for the vindication of the national honour. Of one thing at least they may feel assured, that, while the country and while Parliament will not readily forgive a Ministry which hastily embroils us in an unnecessary war, they will, without regard of party or any other consideration, bring forward the whole weight of public opinion in support of any Ministry who shall steadily resist, from whatever quarter it may proceed, any attack upon the independence, the honour, or the interests of the country. Above all, gentlemen, the present Government had this great advantage over their predecessors, that they will not have to contend with an Opposition which will descend to any factious combination, nor need they fear that we shall seek to eject them from office without regard to the interests of the country or to the probability of being able to succeed them. It may be that the present Government may fall by their own internal dissensions. Indeed, looking to the composition of that Government, I can feel no great confidence that such may not unhappily be the case; but honestly and sincerely I say that I desire that their differences may be

made up. Among the members of the Government—and still more among those who support them—there are men who in their hearts are as sincerely Conservative as any of those whom I now have the honour of addressing; there are others who most unwillingly submit to a power which they feel to be too strong for them; while a third section, though the loudest in clamouring for certain measures, and ready to place themselves at the head of a movement which they feel unable to resist, would, I believe, deplore and deprecate the success of their own schemes.

Lord Derby expressed an earnest desire that the Government would be enabled to bring forward such a measure of reform as might be honestly supported by the great body of the Conservatives:—

I think it is of the highest importance that this question should be finally and speedily settled; and, if the Government of which I was a member undertook to attempt a settlement of it, we did so, not because we admitted a bill was called for by imperative necessity, but because it had been repeatedly promised in speeches from the Throne and in declarations of Ministers, and because we felt it was of the most vital consequence that a question of so much importance should not be left in suspense. I am not jealous—the Conservative party are not jealous—of the working classes. I desire to see their interests fully and fairly represented; but I confess that, looking to the revelations of Gloucester, Wakefield, and other places, I doubt whether any great reduction of the franchise would not tend largely to extend that corruption which is the bane of our electoral system.

The noble Earl then defended himself from the imputation of having entered into a corrupt alliance with the Roman Catholics, endeavouring to obtain their support by concessions dangerous to Protestant interests. His Lordship spoke rather warmly on this subject:—

I need not say, gentlemen, that that imputation was as baseless as one to which I have seen great currency given—namely, that I had countersigned a paper containing stipulations with regard to a Reform bill, upon the faith of which I was to obtain the support of certain Liberal members. I have never seen such a document. With regard to the great body of the intelligent Roman Catholics of this country I have for some time past observed a growing tendency to alienate themselves from the so-called Liberal party and to unite themselves with those who are their natural allies—the Conservatives. I have many personal friends among the Roman Catholics. I have Roman Catholic tenants, I have Roman Catholic labourers in my employment, and I should be ashamed of myself if there could be detected the slightest difference between my treatment of them and that of those of my own persuasion. I go further. I say that I cordially and earnestly concurred with the endeavours which were made by my gallant friend General Peel to afford to our Roman Catholic soldiers greater opportunities than they had previously enjoyed for exercising the rites of their religion. But I think I may appeal to the whole course of a somewhat long political life whether, though always ready to maintain the principles of entire toleration and religious liberty, I am a man who would ever voluntarily yield to any of the encroachments of the Roman Catholic Church as a political body, whether I would sacrifice one jot or iota of the rights and privileges of that Church to which I myself belong, whether I would diminish its means of public usefulness, or whether I would deprecate it as a great portion of our political institutions by lowering its position or lessening its influence in the country. To that Church I have always been sincerely attached; for that Church I have made many sacrifices; for that Church, even against the opinion of its members, I have introduced measures the value of which has been subsequently acknowledged; and you may depend upon it there are few things dearer to my heart—few principles which I am more determined to uphold—than the maintenance of the dignity, the rights, and the privileges of the Established Church of these realms.

The Earl of Malmesbury afterwards addressed the assembly. The burden of his speech was the alliance with France, which he thought of first-rate importance, and in which he believed the Emperor sincere. But, said his Lordship—

It is not to the interest of our alliance with France that we should go hand in hand, arm in arm, foot by foot with her, because, if by any chance it should not be seen by the world at any time that we were joining France in that intimate manner, the suspicion is immediately raised that our cordial alliance has ceased. I maintain that the policy of England is entirely different on many points from that of France. The writers in the French press taunt us now with having lost our former power, with being isolated from the other nations of Europe, and taking up the position of a second-rate Power, because we do not interfere with the affairs of Italy. I accept that word isolation in its original sense, from its Latin derivation, and I say that on our geographical isolation frequently depend our isolation from foreign politics and our safety also.

Mr. Disraeli descended on the "monopoly of Liberalism":—

For more than a quarter of a century, by this theory of a monopoly of Liberalism, half the public men in England have been held up as individuals incapable and unequal to attempt any measures which might improve the institutions or administration of the country; while, on the other hand, the other half were, in order to sustain this monopoly, perpetually pledging themselves to changes and alterations injudicious in almost every case, and in many utterly impracticable, and when they were in power they expended all their resources in inventing evasions by which they might extricate themselves from the fulfilment of their previous promises. I believe that that is now completely terminated. I believe we have brought about a healthy state of political parties. Men will now be judged of by the policy which they recommend and the measures they bring forward, not by traditions, which are generally false—not by promises, which are seldom fulfilled.

As to foreign affairs:—

I should, indeed, be blind to the signs of the times—I should, indeed, be insensible to the feelings that are now universally expressed, if I did not recognise what is the anxiety of a great people. I know not whether it be true that designs upon the independence of our empire are cherished by any Governments or Potentates in other countries. I presume not to read State secrets; nor is it for me, in the irresponsible position in which I am, and my colleagues have been placed, to pretend that we can communicate to you any intelligence of which you are not already masters; but this I will say with respect to the form of our Constitution, that if there be any foreign Government or foreign Potentate who, in the supposed distractions and political dissensions of our form of government, believes that he has found elements on which he may calculate for pursuing with success any scheme of aggressive or of violent ambition, then I can assure that Government and that Ruler that they mistake the character and the genius of the English people and the English Constitution. And if they count on our dissensions, and on the noble rivalries of our public life, as the means for the successful prosecution of those designs, they will count on them to their confusion. They will find, if ever the time should come when the independence of this country or the empire of our Sovereign should indeed be menaced, that the Sovereign of these realms rules over a devoted people and a united Parliament.

Lord Stanley also made a speech, which was listened to with marked attention. He declared that the Conservative policy consists not merely in checking agitation when it has arisen, but in anticipating agitation by removing its causes. As regards Indian affairs Lord Stanley said:—"After twelve months of intimate connection with Indian affairs I venture to say, although it is not now the fashion to be sanguine upon the subject, that I am sanguine as to the future prospects of British India. Asiatics are not so unlike Europeans as some people are apt to suppose. Treat them justly and you will govern them easily."

In proposing the health of the chairman Lord Derby made an interesting statement in explanation of the extermination of the tenantry on his Irish estate. He said:—

I have seen charges made against me as a general exterminator and oppressor of the people and a tyrant landlord because I have used every means in my power to bring to justice the authors of a vile murder. I will state the simple circumstances of the case. In a small outlying property in Limerick, worth £700 a year, I have about eleven or twelve tenants, three of whom hold by lease, the remainder as tenants from year to year. The man who was murdered on that property was a Roman Catholic, the son of a very old tenant, who and whose family occupied the property long before I came into possession of it. He was the first man I ever met when I visited that property. He was in connection with a number of very disorderly persons—he was, in fact, the leader of a club. Gradually I reclaimed that man, and reformed him into a respectable and useful tenant. His son succeeded to him, and became the tenant of another small farm. He was from earliest life an industrious, active, steady young man. He managed, to a great extent, his father's property, and also managed with great industry the small farm on which I placed him, when, on account of his father's marriage, there was a separation in the family. That man, from no fault of his own, but in consequence of his having, by the order of my agent, ejected a sub-tenant under him, whom I had no means of ejecting without his consent, and who had rather deteriorated the little property than otherwise, was brutally murdered in noonday, in the presence, as I know, of a number of the population. He was first shot through the heart, his body was then brutally mangled, and his head was knocked in with stones. I have never been able to obtain the legal evidence of the witnesses of this brutal murder, but I had and have reason to believe that more than one of the small number—some eight or nine persons—who held under me as tenants-at-will, were parties to the conspiracy. I gave notice, therefore, at Michaelmas—the

latest time I could—to all those persons who held on that tenure, in order that I might be enabled, if I should obtain satisfactory evidence, if not sufficient to satisfy a jury, at least to satisfy me, of the moral guilt of any person in concealing the murderer, to eject such person on Lady-day, for otherwise I should not have been able to remove him from the property until the following Lady-day. The whole of the served notices have been mentioned; and the intention of serving the notices was to give me the power of carrying into execution the removal of persons with respect to whom I might find moral evidence justifying me in such a step. But it by and indiscriminate extermination of those eight or ten servants, and yet eight or ten acres each has been represented in the public papers as a whole sale extermination, "the doom of Doon," and the turning out on the wide world of hundreds of families; the fact being that there is not one of these families under notice that has not received at my hands, in one way or another, more than the full value of the fee-simple of the land they hold. I have never condescended before to reply to any of the anonymous attacks made on me, and I shall never condescend to do so again.

THE CHANNEL FLEET IN THE GALE.

In that terrible tornado which has strewn our coasts with wrecks, and which tried to its very utmost the tremendous strength of the largest ship in the world, there was a squadron at sea on which the thoughts of Englishmen must have rested with anxious solicitude. Our Channel Fleet—the first defence of the nation—left the waters of Queenstown just forty-eight hours before the *Royal Charter* passed the same port on that ill-fated run which closed a successful voyage with disaster and destruction.

It was on Saturday, the 22nd ult., that the *Hero*, the *Trafalgar*, the *Albatross*, and the *Aboukir*, accompanied by the *Mersey*, the *Emerald*, and the *Melpomene*, put to sea from Queenstown. Up to the afternoon of Monday the squadron met with no remarkable adventure, but about that time, just after the crews had been exercised at gunnery practice, heavy storms of hail and sleet began to set in. Still there was no immediate indication of the tempest at hand. As the morning broke on Tuesday—the day of the storm—the land's-end was sighted, and the rain and the wind continued to increase. About nine a.m. the advent of the gale was no longer doubtful; topgallant masts were sent on deck and topgallant masts struck, and the signal was given from the flag-ship, "Form two columns; form line of battle; Admiral will endeavour to go to Plymouth." To Plymouth, accordingly, the course of the fleet was shaped; but so terrifically had the wind increased that it became very questionable whether the sternmost ships of the line could possibly succeed in entering the Sound. Upon this the Admiral determined to wear the fleet together, stand off, and face the storm—a manoeuvre which, under circumstances of great difficulty, was most gallantly executed. The ships were close upon the Eddystone Lighthouse, round which they "darted like dolphins" under the tremendous pressure of the gale, the *Trafalgar* stopping in the midst of the storm to pick up a man who had fallen overboard. The whole squadron now stood off the land, the *Mersey* and *Melpomene* furling their sails, and the former vessel steaming along "like an ocean giant." Still the gale increased till about three p.m., when there occurred that remarkable phenomenon by which these rotary tempests are characterised. The fleet had got into the very centre of the storm, the "eye" of the tornado, and, though the sea towered up and broke in tremendous billows all around, the wind suddenly ceased and the sun shone. When, however, the signal had been given and obeyed for setting sail again, the ships soon encountered the gale once more—not as before, from the S.E., but the N.W., and in greater force than ever. It was now a perfect hurricane; and for three hours the whole fury of the tempest was poured upon the squadron. When it began, at length, to abate a little the four line-of-battle ships and one of the frigates were still in company, and all doing well. The *Mersey* and the *Emerald* had steamed into Plymouth, but the five remaining vessels kept in open order throughout the terrible night, wore in succession by night signal at about 1 a.m., made the land at daylight, formed line of battle, came grandly up Channel under sail at the rate of eleven knots an hour, steamed into Portland, and "took up their anchorage without the loss of a sail, a spar, or a rope-yarn."

We cannot but express our most lively satisfaction at these results. It is evident enough that our ships and our seamen still maintain their ancient character, and that steam and gunnery, however prominent they may appear, have not superseded those original elements of excellence which gave the British Navy its renown. It is also plain, from this event, that seamanship is still an indispensable condition in nautical efficiency. Mere soldiers or engineers could never have carried the Channel fleet through the tornado.

THE GREAT EASTERN.

The *Great Eastern* left Holyhead for Southampton at noon on Wednesday. The gale which proved so fatal to the *Royal Charter* sorely tried her at Holyhead. The wind almost attained hurricane force at times, and made the big ship tremble throughout her entire length. During the fearful night of Tuesday Captain Harrison's waterproof coat was blown to ribbons off him, and he himself at last carried before the gale and thrown down and tumbled along with violence. To the roar and scream through the shrouds other and more unpleasant sounds were soon added, as the wind blew up the saloon skylights, dropping them down with a bang and a crash of glass that to those below was startling in the extreme. Crash after crash the glass in these skylights went, one after the other; the rain and wind pouring down through the apertures into the saloons. There was scarcely room to steam out, yet it was evident that, if the gale continued, it would be impossible for her to remain where she was. Both wind and water were rising; and the massive timbers at the end of the breakwater, breaking up with the fury of the tempest, filled the harbour with wreck-wood. The *Great Eastern* had two anchors down, one of seven tons on the starboard bow, and one of three tons and a half to port.

Towards eight or nine o'clock the wind went round more to the N.E., sending in a beam swell, to which the *Great Eastern* began to roll very heavily. As the surge swept in, the position of the vessel hourly became worse, and at last, at ten o'clock, there was no alternative but to try and raise the heaviest anchor, get the vessel's head more under the lee of the breakwater, and then let it go again. This was a most critical task, for every part of the harbour was now so completely covered with drifting beams that the screw could only be used with the utmost caution. The paddles, unless in case of a most dangerous emergency, could not be used at all, as the timbers would of course knock the floats to pieces. Gradually, therefore, the *Great Eastern* was brought up to her starboard anchor, though with the utmost difficulty. Before the screw could well get play it was fouled, and had to stop. Directly this occurred the steam from the screw-boilers was let into the paddle-engines, which in turn went ahead, till the propeller was free and able to work again. The vessel had partly swung off into a beam sea, which was then sweeping over and past the breakwater with awful force, and the *Great Eastern* began to roll quickly and heavily.

In spite of the relief afforded by the screw, the cable of the remaining anchor kept tautening more and more, until at last, at about half-past ten, it sprang up like a cord out of the water, and in another moment the *Great Eastern* was adrift, rolling and tumbling like a drunken ship towards shore. In an instant all was ready for letting go a second heavy anchor, while word was passed to go ahead with the screw; for the great ship, lurching from side to side, was making rapidly for shore. The second anchor was let go, and the screw moved ahead; but the vessel had now great way on her, and could not be easily stopped on what seemed her road to destruction. Just as the screw began to tell an immense mass of wreck wood fouled it and brought the machinery to a dead stand. Not a second could be lost in waiting till it cleared, so the steam was at once turned into the paddle-engines, which were driven round at speed, though the floats got hurt among the mass of wreck, and the great ironwork of the wheels was bent in many places. To avoid this, and the serious damage it might occasion,

the screw was set to work again the instant it was freed, but it was seldom able to revolve more than a few moments without becoming jammed again, when the paddles were again resorted to. But for the *Great Eastern's* double engines very little could have been done. The anchor which was let go "bit" at once. Presently her head swung round, and she rode lightly, in comparative safety again; and the the worst of the storm was over.

THE WRECK OF THE "ROYAL CHARTER."

LAST week we announced the loss of this vessel, and every day since has added something to the story of the disaster. In few words, it may be told thus:—

The *Royal Charter* was built about four years ago; she was of 2719 tons register and 200 horse-power. Her owners were Messrs. Gibb, Bright, and Co., of Liverpool. She was an iron vessel, worked by a screw. On the 26th of August last she sailed from Melbourne, having on board 388 passengers, and a crew, including officers, of 112 persons. She accomplished the passage in about two months. On Monday week she passed Queenstown, and thirteen of the passengers landed in a pilot-boat. The next day the *Royal Charter* took on board from a steam-tug eleven riggers who had been assisting in working a ship to Cardiff. Thus at the time of the calamity there were on board 498 persons, and of these only thirty-nine were saved. The ship, as we are informed, had on board but a small cargo, mainly of wool and skins. A more important item of her freight was gold and specie, which at the lowest estimate is put at £500,000. On the evening of Tuesday week there was blowing from the E.N.E. a violent gale, which fell with full force on the ill-fated ship. She arrived off Point Lynas at six o'clock on the evening of Tuesday, and for several hours Captain Taylor continued throwing up signal-rockets, in the hope of attracting the attention of a pilot. None made his appearance. The gale increased in violence; the ship was making leeway, and drifting gradually towards the beach. It was pitch dark; no help was at hand. The captain let go both anchors, but the gale had now increased to a hurricane, and had lashed the sea up to madness. The chains parted, and, notwithstanding that the engines were worked at their full power, the *Royal Charter* continued to drift towards the shore. At three a.m. she struck the rocks in four fathoms of water.

Up to this period (about three a.m.) not the slightest alarm was evinced among the passengers, a large portion of whom were women and children; the most perfect discipline and order prevailed. The masts and riggings were cut adrift, but caused no relief, as the ship continued to thump and grind on the sharp-pointed rocks with fearful effect. The screw became foul with the drift spars and rigging, and ceased to act; the consequence was that the ship was thrown broadside on to the rocks, and now the terror began. The officers of the ship either hoped against hope, or endeavoured to alleviate the agony of the passengers by assuring them there was no immediate danger. A Maltese sailor, Joseph Rogers—his name deserves to be recorded—volunteered to convey a rope on shore through the heavy surf, and succeeded in his attempt. Had time been given, no doubt every person on board could now have been safely conveyed on shore; but it was fated that the end should be otherwise. One tremendous wave came after another, playing with the *Royal Charter* like a toy, and swinging her about the rocks. While this was going on a fearful scene was being enacted in the saloon. An attempt had been made by a Mr. Hodge, a clergyman, to perform a service; but the violent thumping of the vessel on the rocks, and the sea which poured into the cabin, rendered this impossible. The passengers were collected here, and Captain Taylor and his officers were endeavouring to allay their fears by the assurance that there was at any rate no immediate danger, when a succession of tremendous waves struck the vessel and absolutely broke her in half; well-nigh all on board were swept away, and those who were not killed by the sea were killed by the breaking up of the ship. In the course of a very few moments the work was done, and four hundred and fifty-nine persons were numbered among the dead. Captain Taylor, the commander of the vessel, was the last man seen alive on board. He had lashed his body to a spar before the ship broke up, but he was drowned. Indeed, all the officers perished. It was about seven a.m. on Wednesday that she broke up.

The scene after the ship struck is thus described by a passenger:—

A voice shouted for the second-class passengers to go into the lower saloon, as the mainmast was going to be cut away. The passengers nearest to the entrance-doors attempted to open them, and finding some difficulty they were immediately smashed. Still there was no hurrying or crushing; all silently took their seats. On deck sailors and officers, stripped to the waist, laboured to cut away the mainmast. The vessel rolled and thumped so heavily that, in delivering their blows, the men were many times thrown on to the deck, but the motion of the vessel assisted the work; the waves, too, lent their aid, and soon the mast tottered, then fell with a crash overboard. Immediately afterwards the raging sea threw the vessel still higher up upon the rocks. The foremast was then cut away, and almost at the same time the mizenmast broke off at the mizenmast-head. Boats were lowered, but the moment they touched the waves they were carried with irresistible force against the rocks, and their inmates were either crushed or drowned in the sea. There appeared scarcely any need of boats, so close upon the shore was the vessel. Having struck, the vessel slewed round port-side to the rocks. When in the lower saloon, about this time, an apprentice-boy, Charley, entered, telling the passengers from the captain that they were to keep up their hearts; all was well, they were only on a sandbank. The passengers still remained quietly in the cabin. Mr. Cowie, the second mate, accompanied by the purser and two men, came down; they were stripped, having on only their shirt and trousers. They passed through the saloon to the powder-magazine, as they went bidding the passengers keep up their hearts, they were not far from the shore. The water entered the saloon at the same time, and the waves striking more heavily, the vessel thumped harder. Those in the lower saloon then passed into the upper one. There they found assembled some of the first and third class passengers. No words were spoken, hope and fear struggled for the mastery in their countenances—by this alone was it seen that life and death were in the balances. The stillness of the assembly was broken once. A young lady, about twenty, Miss Murray, who was on board with her father, mother, and brother, fainted, and was immediately carried to her cabin, whence she never emerged.

Edward Wilson, a seaman, says:—

The scene on board was indescribable; nothing but confusion on deck, fore and aft passengers, saloon, cabin, and steerage, all mixed together—fathers and mothers clasping their children in their arms, wives clinging to their husbands, shrieking, and crying "Save me, save me!" "Don't leave me!" &c. Captain Taylor, who was perfectly calm and collected, did all he could to allay their fears. The captain then sent word to the ladies to come forward, and they should be put ashore on the hawser, but as soon as they came on deck they were washed overboard. Shortly after the hawser was got on shore the ship began to go to pieces. She broke up aft, and a large portion of the deck fell upon about one hundred of the passengers who were crowded together, completely crushing and mangleing them. None of this group were seen again. After he got on shore he sat down upon the rocks, watching the progress of the wreck, for it was impossible to render those upon the ship any assistance; and he describes the sight as dreadful to look upon—mangled bodies floating about; men, women, and children standing upon deck shrieking for assistance, while others were on their knees praying, others being dashed through the cabin doors by the waves and washed overboard. He states that when the ship went down there was a large number of passengers huddled together on deck, and the shrieks of the poor creatures as they met their death were appalling.

It is said by those who visited the scene of the calamity that never was destruction more complete. The ironwork of the vessel was in mere shreds—the woodwork in chips. The coast and the fields above the cliffs were strewn with fragments of the cargo and of the bedding and clothing. One writer says:—"All who have visited this quarry of nature have left it with changed ideas as to the power of water and rock, and the weakness of iron and wood. Waggon wheels could be filled with chips for firewood, and iron seems to have acquired the property of floating. Pieces of the latter are strewn wherever you look, in the hollow of the small bay. I saw a beam, about twenty-five feet long, weighing many tons, high and dry, two hundred yards from the stern of the ship, and at a short distance on each side, large pieces of the iron plate, containing three or four square yards, while smaller pieces, with rods and angle irons, are rent and twisted into all forms." Worse still, the rocks were covered with corpses of men and women, frightfully

mutilated, and strewn with the gold which the poor creatures had gone so far to seek, and which were now torn from them in so pitiful a way. On some of the bodies which have been washed ashore considerable sums of money have been found; and loose coin is constantly being thrown up by the sea.

However, it is supposed that the great majority of the dead are confined in the wreck. The ship lies with her larboard side to the rocks, and it would seem that the plates composing that side have come bodily over landward, and about forty feet in length of the starboard side of the ship has been driven completely to the place which the larboard side formerly occupied, lying over it like a dish-cover, with the convexity upwards. It is not impossible that in the concavity beneath many of the bodies are confined, as they would be unable to leave the saloon when the ship parted, being overwhelmed by the deluge.

The bullion-room, under the cabin-saloon, may yet be safe; but, if it be dislodged, or should yet get dislodged, by a heavy sea, there will be no chance for it, because it is only iron, and iron is paper when tossed upon the rocks at Moelfra. We read that on Tuesday underwriters at Lloyd's required forty per cent for insuring the gold. This high rate was caused principally by the receipt of a communication from Lloyd's agent, dated Moelfra, October 30, mentioning that divers had descended and examined the after part of the vessel, but could not ascertain whether the bullion-room was intact. Its safety was looked upon as doubtful from the appearance of the wreck, and from the circumstance of portions of gold-boxes having been picked up, besides a bar of gold. Should the boxes have been broken, there will be some difficulty in finding the gold; and at this period of the year the uncertain weather imposes fresh obstacles to diving operations.

Most of the bodies brought ashore have been buried at Llanaelgo, near Moelfra, the scene of the disaster. Others were placed in the church, awaiting the inquest. It commenced on Friday week; and we can well believe that "it was an impressive sight when the coroner, standing at the communion-table, surrounded by the group of dead and mangled corpses, amid the audible sobs of those who had recognised their friends, commenced his melancholy task." All that was done on this occasion was to identify the bodies.

Every little thing that, washed ashore, may serve to identify any of the deceased is carefully kept; and Mr. Hughes, the Rector of Llanaelgo, and the coroner, have received many letters from persons inquiring after their friends.

The following is a specimen of some of the communications which come to these gentlemen from poor mothers:—

Dear Sir,—I beg to state my son has been in Australia eight years, and according to his last letter I might expect him home about this time. I feel very unhappy, fearing, as every mother would fear on an uncertainty, whether he might be one of those dear sufferers by this dreadful wreck. Perhaps what makes me more impressed is, that on that fearful night I dreamt I don't know where I was, but a man came in my presence, with an arm and part of a mutilated body. I said, "That is my Joseph." Afterwards I saw him clear, and asked him to kiss me; although I kissed him there seemed no animation, and he had lost all his colour. I awoke up, my face very much burning. I thought my dear boy is thinking of me. I then offered up my usual prayer that God would be with him by land or by water. Then the clock struck three. I should feel truly grateful if you, sir, would make every inquiry you can among the survivors. I think amongst the crew you might hear if there was such a young man on board the ship named Joseph Green, twenty-four years old, good-looking, light hair and whiskers, and moustache, tall, but not thin. He might have with him an old India silk pocket-handkerchief, yellow, of small pattern. He said in his letter he had got it just the same, and I should see it again some day, please God. I have a most striking likeness of him he sent me last. I am afraid to send it with the letter, fearing it might be lost.

The poor woman then goes on to give some particulars of a mark which he had on one of his limbs. She expresses a hope that "please God" he may be one of the survivors. She says—"I have been looking forward for my dear boy's return, and I hope the Almighty in His goodness has saved him from this dreadful death." It is not known whether her dear boy was among the passengers by the *Royal Charter*.

Apologies of the loss of this vessel, some correspondence has appeared on the insecurity of iron ships in general. One writer says that "any kind of iron is thought good enough to build a ship with." "What is the meaning of 'boat-plates' being the lowest priced in any iron-maker's list. If we pay £25 or £30 a ton for the plates of which a locomotive boiler is made, why should we give only £8 10s. or £9 per ton for those of which a ship is built? If safety can only be bought at the high price in the one case, are we not courting disaster with the low price in the other?" Another correspondent says that by the constant wash of bilge-water the rivet-heads in the interior of an iron ship are sometimes "worn off as cleanly as if cut by a chisel." "Her Majesty's troop-ship *Megara*, now in the steam-basin at Portsmouth, and lately returned home from foreign service, is an illustration of what I have stated, and thousands of rivets are now in her bottom which can be knocked out by a common punch from the inside."

THE SCHILLER FESTIVAL.—The festival which is to be held in Germany on the 10th in honour of the poet Schiller has been made to take a political aspect. The Prussian Government has decided that the festival shall only be celebrated within doors; it will permit no demonstrations in the streets, no procession with torches, or the like, because contrary demonstrations might lead to conflicts, or because a public festival of this kind would ill accord with the illness of the King. The Austrian Government favours the demonstration. Torchlight processions will be permitted; the Emperor has ordered a grand representation to be given in the Court theatre, and has given the name of Schiller-place to a new grand square.

COVETOUSNESS.

WHAT an admirable essay that master of paradox, Charles Lamb, might have written upon the "Inconvenience of Clever Brothers," in which category, of course, would be included sisters, and more distantly outlying relationships! What a downright nuisance to the rank and file of a "talented family" must be that favoured scion in whom the gifts of the common stock have culminated into genius! (For talent does run in families, reader, just as surely as it is apt to run out of them occasionally.) Suppose Gilbert Shakspeare, brother of the immortal William, had been of a literary turn and ambitious for dramatic and lyric fame, he would have been something more than human to have felt truly fraternal affection for the author of "Hamlet" and "The Rape of Lucrece." Those overwhelming productions and their fellows would infallibly have proved eternal bugbears to his hopes, and stumbling-blocks to his advancement. Whatever he might write, no matter how great its excellence or originality, would be brought into invidious comparison with the unapproachable. Fancy a new novel of modern life and manners advertised by Christopher Dickens, Esq., brother of the inimitable Charles. It might be splitting with fun and dripping with pathos; yet would it have "Pickwick" and "The Old Curiosity Shop" to contend with, and the ill-starred Christopher (an imaginary person of course) would be abused right and left for not having attained an impossible standard, which he would never have been expected to reach but for the accident of what a French critic (speaking of the two De Mussets, Alfred and Paul) describes as a "crushing fraternity." What a bad chance of operative supremacy would be that of Mdlle. Polly or Betty Lind, sister of the Swedish Nightingale, should she make her appearance under her own name at the Royal Italian Opera in "Sonnambula" or "La Figlia"! Would Thomas or Peter Macready (supposititious brother of the once-eminent tragedian), whatever his histrionic capacity, be allowed an impartial hearing as Lear or Richelieu? Would we be in a hurry to admit the possibly vast fund of humour and observation developed by Mr. Theophilus Robson on his appearing as the Boots at the Swan after his brother Frederick? Nay, to descend from speculation to fact, does not Fame all but ignore the pictorial existence of any Landseer but Edwin (though there are other gifted and thriving painters of the same name)? Could Currer Bell, with all her self-abnegation and sisterly devotion, prevent the lesser lights of Ellis and Acton from being absorbed in the halo of her own splendid genius? Has the world duly recognised all that is graceful and poetical in the poems of Frederick Tennyson?

The difficulty, however, has its compensation. The eagle pinions of the "big brother" may be made serviceable by lifting the smaller members of the brood into notoriety. This has been especially the case with that large family of gifted French artists—the Bonheurs—of which class the elder sister, Rosa, ranks the undisputed chief. Mdlle. Rosa Bonheur, her father, and three or four brothers and sisters, all paint very much alike. To the uninitiated, a painting by any member of the family might pass for a genuine "Rosa." Yet are the minors not plagiarists. They have been educated in a common school, of which their father and instructor was the founder. Only the surprising genius of Rosa has led her to develop its resources to a wider extent than was ever before aimed at or dreamed of. Her painstaking kindred have profited by her vast popularity to acquire greater consideration and distinction than they could have achieved without her assistance. Mdlle. T. Peyrol Bonheur is, we understand, the youngest, but is certainly not the least gifted, of her family. It would be false imagery to say that she treads in her sister's shoes (long may they grace the tiny feet of *la petite Rosa* herself!), but she certainly wears a natty little *chasseur* cut in close resemblance to that worn by the matchless painter of "The Horse Fair" and "The Ploughed Field." We this week publish an Engraving from a little picture by this young lady. It is entitled "Covetousness," and represents a gigantic cock—evidently of Cochin China descent—grudging a pretty, half-dressed, thoroughly-frightened little child the possession of a recently-acquired bunch of grapes. The child and the fowl are both excellent, viewed as faithful natural studies, or as the medium of illustrating a ludicrous incident, in which there is just the least thrill of dramatic interest. Will the ungainly monster, half sponge half bully as he looks, succeed in cajoling or hectoring the little fellow out of his prize? That is the question, to which it seems too probable that the solution will be unfavourable to the triumph of unprotected innocence and the rights of property.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S RESIDENCE AT OXFORD.

FREWEN'S HALL has been selected as the residence of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales while pursuing his studies at the University

of Oxford. The hall is a plain old building of somewhat dilapidated appearance, and profusely covered with ivy and other creeping plants. It possesses none of the pretensions of an architectural character which are wont to be associated with the residence of Royalty, but the interior fittings have been carried out so as to secure the comforts of an English home rather than the elegance and luxuries of a palace. Although situated in the centre of the city, immediately contiguous to the Union Society's

As we have said above, the house is so surrounded by buildings and walls that any person might spend a week in Oxford and never have a shadow of suspicion of its existence. One entrance to it is by a narrow alley that runs up on one side of the Star Hotel, and we should not be surprised to hear that on some dark night his Royal Highness, having mistaken his way, found himself walking into the Star "tap."



COVETOUSNESS.—(FROM A PICTURE, BY PETROL BONHEUR, IN THE PARIS EXHIBITION.)

rooms, it is so completely surrounded by buildings on every side as to secure for his Royal Highness the utmost privacy and seclusion. The only frontage that it has is on the garden side, the one shown in our Engraving. It appears that the hall takes its name from Dr. Frewen, an eminent physician, who flourished in Oxford about a century ago, and who also filled the chair of Camden Professor of History. The name of this gentleman is still gratefully remembered in connection with the University, Dr. Frewen having at his decease left his splendid library of medical and general works, comprising between 2000 and 3000 volumes, to the Radcliffe Library. The mansion was afterwards occupied by Sir Charles Pegge, and still more recently by Dr. Kidd, Regius Professor of Anatomy and Medicine, and well known as the author of a Bridgewater treatise.

The hall occupies a portion of the site on which St. Mary's College formerly stood. The land was the grant of Thomas Holder, Esq., and Elizabeth, his wife, who were considered as the founders, and were buried in the chapel. Various circumstances show that these buildings together must have attained to a considerable degree of magnificence, equal to that of most of our ancient colleges. The celebrated Erasmus pursued his studies here in 1497-8; and Bishop Ferrar, the martyr in Queen Mary's reign, had been one of the regular canons.

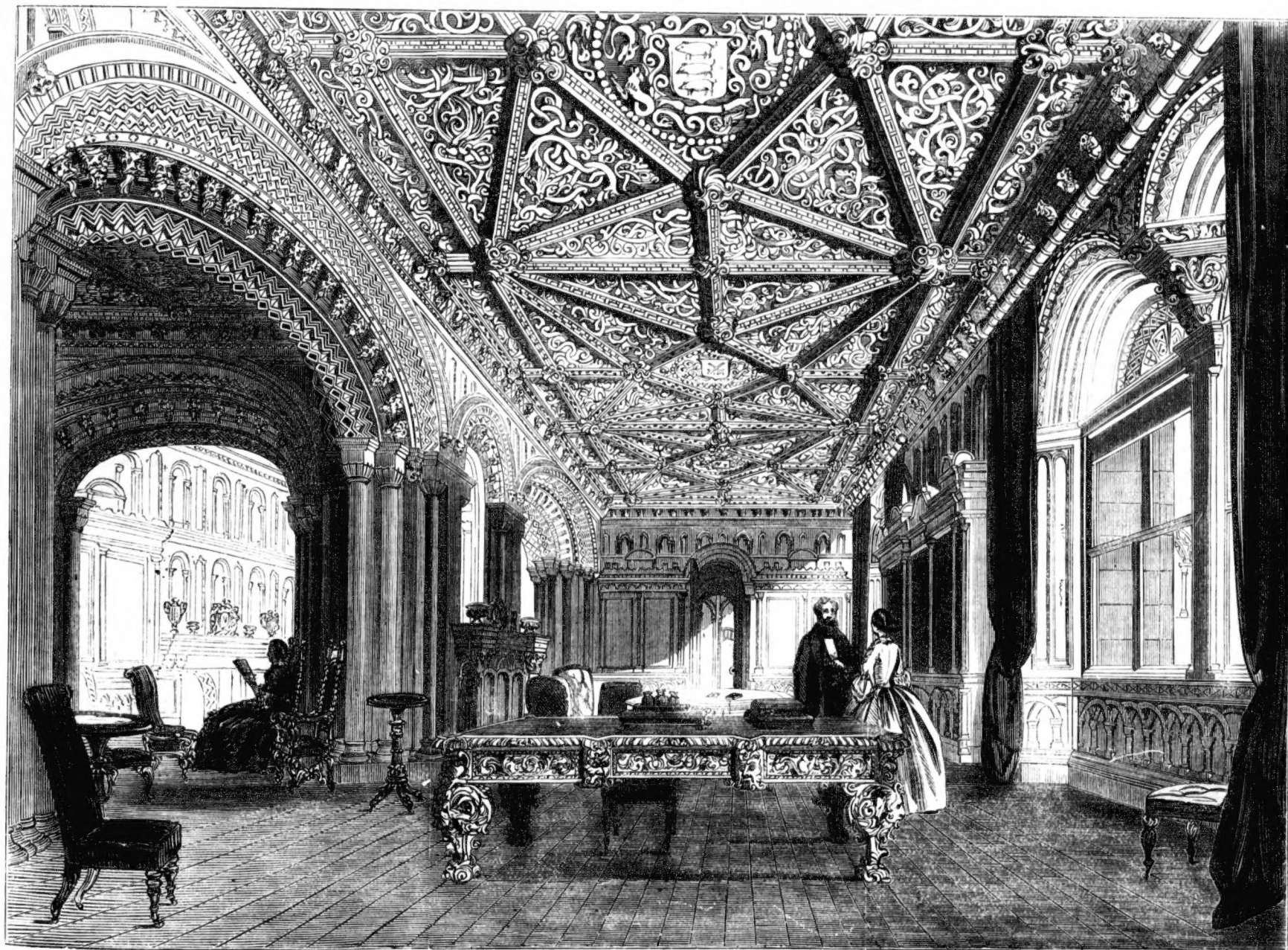
There are still several remains of old buildings in the space formerly occupied by the college, which must apparently have belonged to it; and the gateway which led into the cloisters is still to be seen in New Inn Hall-lane. The house and garden belonging to the Regius Professor of Medicine occupy a portion of the site. It was bounded on the north by a wall which ran parallel with Sewy's-lane, in ancient records called Sewy-twychen. The wall still remains, but the lane has been partly stopped up. The principal or carriage entrance to the hall is from New Inn Hall-lane, formerly known, according to Anthony Wood, as the "Seven Deadly Sins-lane."



FREWEN'S HALL, OXFORD, THE RESIDENCE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.



CONWAY CASTLE, NORTH WALES.



THE LIBRARY, PENRHYN CASTLE.

CONWAY.

JOURNEY DOWN.

WHEN the Liverpool and Manchester line was before Parliament, in 1825, Mr. William Brougham, counsel for the directors, told George Stephenson that if he did not moderate his views and bring his engine within a reasonable speed he would inevitably ruin the whole thing, and be himself regarded as a maniac. The unreasonable speed which so alarmed the learned gentleman was twelve miles an hour; and the engineer was actually obliged to moderate the unreasonable speed down to six or seven miles an hour, lest honourable members should laugh the project out of court as the chimera of a madman. And a writer in the *Quarterly* offered to back old Father Thames against the railway projected to Woolwich for any sum. It is little more than thirty years ago since these views were entertained, and now we travel forty or fifty miles an hour. I find by the time-table that the journey from London to Conway is performed in about seven hours. The best train leaves at 9.15 a.m., and lands you at 4.5 p.m. The distance is about 230 miles. The speed, therefore, if you deduct the loss of time for stoppages, must be quite forty miles an hour. Shall we ever go faster than this as a rule? Perhaps we may. I have a lively recollection that once an honourable member said, in a jeering tone, to another member who had supported a railway bill, "Perhaps the honourable gentleman hopes some day to leave Manchester in the morning and reach London in time for a division at night." The House laughed loudly at this sally, but I have known honourable gentlemen leave Dublin in the morning and reach the House in time for a division. And so we cannot tell what is in the future. George Stephenson thought forty miles an hour as much as ought to be attempted, and surely it is fast enough for all reasonable men.

THE TOWN.

Conway is the quaintest, queerest old town in her Majesty's dominions, and I strongly recommend all tourists in North Wales to stop there at least an hour or two. It is situated on the River Conway, which rises far away in the Welsh mountains, and, fed in its passage by a hundred streams, empties itself into Conway Bay. The proper name of Conway is Aber-Conway, which means on the Conway, but it is called Conway "for short." It is walled all round, has no suburbs outside the walls, and these walls, which date some five centuries back, though decayed by time, are still entire; and there is no entrance into the town but through the old gateways, excepting that those impudent Goths, the railway-engineers, have perforated the walls, and driven their line through the town. The shape of the town is triangular, or, as the inhabitants will have it, in the form of the Welsh harp. At intervals there are massive round towers in the walls; and at one angle of the triangle stands the venerable castle—probably one of the most perfect mediæval fortresses that we have.

THE CASTLE.

This castle was, we are told by the authorities, built by Edward I., to keep the refractory Welsh, whom he had conquered, or nearly conquered, in order. "I love these ancient ruins," and therefore was, very soon after my arrival, exploring this fine relic of the long-shanked, long-headed Plantagenet. Of course it is "dismantled," that is, the roof is gone, and all the timber, lead, and everything removable has been removed. It was, however, perfect or nearly so until after the Civil Wars, but at the Restoration it fell into the hands of an Earl of Conway; and he, being a man of no taste, and having no reverence for the old times, but looking at the castle with the eye of a huckster, pulled out all the materials he could get out, and shipped them to Ireland, to help in building a house there. The inhabitants and county gentlemen remonstrated against this vandalism. He, however, took no heed of their remonstrance—the peddling huckster—but went on with his work until he left the castle much as we see it now, tolerably perfect in outline, but a ruin. It is refreshing, however, to know, even at this distance of time, that he gained nothing but a loss by his vandalism; for the ship which had his stores aboard went to the bottom of the sea with all that it contained. However, there is enough left of the castle to show us what it was. All the outer walls and towers are standing; most of the inner partition walls remain; and it is not difficult now to trace the different chambers. The Grand Hall of State is easily made out; and, though the floors of the rooms are gone, the fireplaces are still there, and, as it appeared to me, still present marks of the smoke from the huge log fires which once blazed therein. In short, any one in an imaginative mood may easily, in the solemn silence which prevails, people the building again with its old tenants—the great Edward and his Court, the warders on the towers, the men-at-arms on the battlements, the ladies in their bowers, and all the regal pomp and rough customs of the mediæval times. That Edward kept state here is on record; and he was once in great danger. He was hemmed in by Welsh rebels, and his army not being able to cross the swollen river, he was in peril of being stormed or starved in his hold. Happily, however, the river went down in time. Or you may come down the stream of time further and fancy the Virgin Queen and the courtly Leicester dallying here without violating history, for Elizabeth had a palace at Conway, which is still standing, and now let out in tenements to poor people. Or to later times yet, and fill the castle with Cromwell's troops, for in the Civil War one Colonel Mytton stormed and took the stronghold; and, finding some Irish "malignants" here, tied them back to back, and pitched them over the battlement into the Conway.

THE OLD AND NEW.

But you won't be able to indulge your reverie long, for underneath the walls of the castle runs the Chester and Holyhead Railway, and the shrill shriek of a locomotive whistle is a terrible disturber of poetic reveries. Here, you know, is one of Stephenson's tubular bridges, and close by its side is Telford's suspension-bridge. Telford has actually fastened his chains to the towers of the old castle, whilst the turreted pile on which Stephenson has rested one end of his tube abuts against the other. So here we have the old feudal relic in close proximity with one of the latest developments of modern science and skill. Your artist has contrived to put in his sketch both the old and the new—the castle, the railway, the Stevenson Tower on which rests the tubular-bridge, and the steam-boat which has just arrived from Trefriw and is landing a party of tourists from the Welsh mountains.

THE MOUNTAINS.

These mountains come close up to the town of Conway, and let the traveller by all means climb up that which is nearest before he leaves, for the scene from the top is exceedingly imposing. Seaward he gets a view of Conway Bay, the Irish Sea, the Great Orme's Head; and landward, a wild mountain district, in which there are "craggs, knolls, and mounds, confusedly hurled," that look like "the fragments of an earlier world;" or, as a friend said, that make us think that Nature left off her work here, and that all this is her surplus material.

PEEP AT MOUNTAIN SCENERY IN WALES.

Conway is the gateway to the mountain district of North Wales. There it is that tourists leave the Chester and Holyhead Railway to proceed to the Snowdonian country. There are several modes of travelling. Wealthy people take cars and proceed from place to place at their leisure. Those who have only a day or two to spare mount the coach, which leaves the Erskine Arms every morning, and travels through all the most famous country; whilst poorer tourists, who have little to spare, take the boat, which starts every day, and sometimes twice a day if the tide serves, from Conway, and, for a shilling a head, lands its passengers at Trefriw, nine miles up the stream, whence, with knapsacks on their backs, they foot it onwards as far as their time or purses will allow. This route by the river is by far the most delightful, for, though the road to Trefriw is picturesque enough, the scenery is nothing like so grand and striking as it is when seen from the river. Indeed, I know of no trip more delightful than the voyage from Conway to Trefriw. It reminded me very much of my journey some years ago "up the Rhine." On the left you have a fine slope of hills richly cultivated from base to top. On the

right, rough, rugged, lofty mountains, rising from the back of the river, whose rugged peaks or rounded heads in fine weather are bathed in light, and on duller days capped by clouds. And to sit on the deck of the little steamer, as it shoots rapidly with the tide, and winds its course up the meandering river, "more meandering than Meander," presenting an ever-shifting panorama of wonderful views, is the very height of enjoyment. The steamer, itself, it is true, is a curious little boat, and its appointments are not very splendid; and perhaps now and then you will hear it grating the bottom; and it may be that you may get aground, and have to wait a quarter of an hour or so until the tide rises and lifts you off. But, if the weather be fine, all this is, of course, of no consequence in such scenery as this. You can sit or stand and gaze at the mountains, revel in the glorious colours of their sides, or watch the course of the clouds over their tops; or you may amuse yourself by watching the diving ducks, the black cormorants, the seagulls, and the stately herons fishing on the banks—all which birds are found in great plenty here. It takes about an hour and a half to steam to Trefriw; and here most of the pedestrian tourists shoulder their knapsacks and march onward to Llanrwst, three miles off Trefriw. But I would strongly advise all who have time to stop at Trefriw a few days. The hotels are good, the charges are moderate, and the scenery at the back of Trefriw is some of the finest in Wales. It is not a fashionable place. Llanrwst, Bettws-y-Coed, and Capel Curig are the more fashionable places. But fashionable places have their disadvantages. Prices are higher; and, moreover, when you arrive, it is not at all certain that you can get housed. At Llanrwst I suppose they could accommodate a regiment, for there are two very large hotels there; but at Bettws and Capel Curig a dozen tourists a day during the last season were obliged to pass onwards because there were no beds to be had for love or money. I took up my quarters at Trefriw, and made it the base of my operations, and had no reason to repent. I could walk to these more noted places and back, and see all the famous sights, in a day; for Bettws is only seven miles off, and Capel Curig, by the mountain path, is only six. And what a path that latter is! In penny-a-liner phrase, the scenery which I passed through on my walk to Capel Curig "baffles all description." Nor will I attempt to describe it. Let the reader imagine all the elements of mountain scenery—lofty peaks, rough crags, deep valleys; lovely, quiet lakes; rattling torrents tumbling over broken rocks, with all the accompanying sounds and colours peculiar to such scenery, and mingle and place them how he likes, and just conceive all this sometimes glowing in the sunlight, and anon variegated by shifting clouds, and he will get as good a picture as I could possibly give him, and save me the trouble of detailed description. I may, however, say that you get a sight of the great mountains as you run up the heights—Moel Siabod, for instance, Snowdon, and a whole army of other giants. But I had not to go even thus far for grand scenery, for it was around me everywhere. A quarter of an hour's walk brought me into scenes which would make a thoroughbred cockney think that he had got into another world; and an hour's, into a rocky solitude, far up the mountains, as silent as the desert, and as wild as chaos. Nor are there wanting amusements in this district, for there are thousands of wildfowl to be shot, and plenty of trout in the mountain lakes. But, as I have no very strong "passion for killing," I neither shot nor fished. But, as I am not writing a guide-book, but only just giving a peep into the mountain scenery of North Wales, I must wind up. I will, however, just say that there are some capital waterfalls in this neighbourhood. The Dolgarrog Falls, for instance, three miles from Trefriw, are, to my mind, nearly equal to the famous Swallow, near Bettws, though they are but little known. There are also the Gwydr Falls, two miles off, which are very beautiful. And there are likewise falls in the village itself, which, after a heavy rain, are not to be despised. These latter in their descent from the hills turn five or six overshot waterwheels, all within a few hundred yards.

THE LIBRARY OF PENRHYN CASTLE.

LAST week in our article on Penrhyn Castle we described the rich and elaborate decoration of the interior. The engraving of the library which we publish in the present Number will give our readers a fair notion of the costly traceries that ornament every apartment in this noble building.

THE CURFEW BELL AT WEST HAM.—The tolling of the curfew bell which has been continued from time immemorial in this parish ceased for the period church rates were disallowed; but a Mr. Dacre voluntarily offered to pay the expense, and the bell was tolled again for the first time on the 29th ult.

A PRINCE'S TOYS.—The model of the railway carriages manufactured for the Prince Imperial, at St. Cloud, is described as "certainly very pretty, but vastly absurd. Imagine that a part of the Home Park is set aside and cut up for a mimic railroad, upon which this large-headed chubby child (the picture of the Bonapartes in their obese period of life) exercises himself as stoker. The miniature is complete. There is a railway which winds round in the shape of an 8, with a viaduct and a tunnel, and every "accident of ground" you can conceive. There is a tent close by, in which this infant corporal of the Imperial Guard can repose when he is tired of his exertions; and a little further on is a wee target, at which his Imperial Highness learns to shoot with a baby-gun, under the direction of "papa." The whole thing has an air of General Tom Thumb that makes it supremely ridiculous; but the Imperialist French mind appears much gratified at it, nevertheless."

AN OPERA SCENE.—During a recent performance at the Malta Opera House (says a correspondent of the *Daily News*) a great number of men-of-war's men were present. Most had some extraordinary pets—young pigs with spectacles on, little dogs dressed up, rabbits, monkeys, &c.; these occasionally escaped, and Jack very unceremoniously gave chase, climbing in the most extraordinary manner in what appeared impossible places. Pigeons, fowls, and cats that escaped were comparatively harmless; it was the concert arising from the pigs and dogs—varied occasionally with the crowing of some of the cocks that had escaped into the upper boxes—that prevented the possibility of attending to the music. The sailors do not understand Italian, nor are they restrained by any false modesty in letting that fact be known. The demand for an English song was loud and vociferous; many of Russell's were named, and many staves from Dibdin's were volunteered by the sailors themselves. It was possibly fortunate that the prima donna did not understand English, for some of the remarks and criticisms were not very complimentary. An old Italian gentleman in the pit took some trouble to translate one of the songs as it was sung. To show the sailors' gratitude half a dozen bottles were passed to him to drink from. He thought to escape by saying he could not drink out of a bottle. In an instant a dozen shoes were off, and he had willy-nilly to drink out of the heel raw spirits which nearly took his breath away; and, by way of restoring him, the sailors gave him some hearty slaps with their brawny hands on his back, which shook him fearfully. The old gentleman at last made his escape from his friends, who, as he left, pressed upon him a bottle of rum for his old woman at home.

EXTRAVAGANCE AT CAMBRIDGE.—A singular case was disposed of in the Cambridge County Court on Thursday week. It was an action brought by a Mr. Monson, a photographic artist, against Mr. Eardley Gideon Culling Eardley, an undergraduate of Trinity College, and eldest son of Sir Culling Eardley, to recover £3 16s. for portraits of Dr. Donaldson, the Very Rev. the Dean of Ely, and himself. The account also included a map of Cambridge, and a charge for a journey to Haslingfield to take a view of the parish church for a work about to be published by the defendant on the churches of Cambridgeshire. The defendant pleaded infancy, to which the plaintiff made replication to the effect that the articles were necessities, considering his degree and station. The plaintiff's claim having been substantiated by his own evidence, Mr. Naylor addressed the Court for the defendant, and said if Sir Culling Eardley were to yield to all the extravagant claims upon his son the fortune due to his other children would be injured, for the defendant's bills for such trifles amounted to something like £16,000. Sir Culling Eardley was examined, and stated that the defendant was born on the 12th of August, 1838. He was allowed £400 a year, which ought to be abundantly sufficient for all his expenses, and a great deal had been paid in addition in liquidation of his debts. By his (Sir Culling Eardley's) orders a great proportion of the defendant's goods had been sold, and they realised £124, and some of the persons who supplied him with useless things had taken them back. Mr. Eardley, the defendant, was also examined, and stated that in February last he had intended to publish a work on the churches of Cambridgeshire, and he had requested Mr. Monson's co-operation in taking views. He was a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, and also a member of the Antiquarian Society of Denmark, and he expected to be a member of the Society of St. Luke, at Rome. The jury found a verdict for the plaintiff for the full amount claimed.

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ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1859.

THE EDUCATION CONFERENCE IN THE NORTH.

THE speeches of Mr. Disraeli and Lord Stanley at Manchester on the occasion of the "Institutional" Conference supply some satisfactory facts about the progress of education in these districts. Our readers are aware that the Lancashire and Cheshire societies have united themselves for the better advancement of their common object, and the ceremony to which we allude as giving rise to the speeches above mentioned was the distribution of prizes.

The general facts may be lumped together advantageously to show the power of the combination in a brief space. Thus, the union includes 110 institutions, 22,000 members, 130,000 volumes, and 8000 pupils, of whom 1200 last year offered themselves for examination. Let the reader think out the details thus compressed into figures, and he will find that they reveal a most respectable degree of intellectual energy as existing in the two great northern counties.

What is most attractive in reading such narratives is to fix one's eye on an individual case, and to picture to oneself the life which it represents. Mr. Disraeli instanced a lad of fifteen employed in a factory, at five shillings a week, who gained a first-class certificate in algebra. This is the sort of sketch we mean, and a very pretty one. Think of the monotony and confinement of factory life, and of the spirit which can rise to excellence in a difficult study in the midst of it. The quality in such case is not less moral than intellectual. It is "pluck" that is needed for such success, as much as for Arctic voyages, African explorations, or Italian campaigns.

Of course Mr. Disraeli, who took the lead on this occasion, was required to deliver an address on the whole well-worn subject of education. But for a man of real genius it is rather an advantage to have a hackneyed subject to deal with, there being nothing so welcome to an audience as new thought and feeling on a subject on which they have heard a great deal of common-place matter. Mr. Disraeli touched freshly on the two great sides of the subject—education for its own sake, and education as an instrument of individual success in the world. First paying his homage to the great old principle that there is in knowledge, as knowledge, a charm which is all its own, and quite independent of its worldly results, he made some emphatic observations on its secondary advantages. Mr. Disraeli's social philosophy is cheerful. He thinks that old civilisations are favourable to individual successes, and that every man of merit has his opportunity. Life is not a lottery, he tells us; "it is a science."

With some qualification we accept these dicta, and think they were rightly brought forward on this occasion. It is hard to allow nothing for fortune, since there are successes in the world which one cannot explain always; but, on the other hand, there is much truth in the fact that an old civilisation is favourable to merit. The very opulence and ease of large numbers of people in such a society makes them disinclined to push, and leaves the field open to the less prosperously born. Not a great American from a poor position but can be matched by a great Englishman from the same. Then, again, such a comparison ought to extend to the inquiry, what is the difference of the success in such case when gained? Which society is the best worth winning the great prizes in? The decision here would be more decidedly in favour of the old society, because in such the cultivation is more exhaustive, and the manners are more refined. Mr. Mill remarks that in America social jealousy prevents a rich man from spending his money as he likes; and in France equality, pushed too far, has the ugly result of making natural superiority as distasteful to the mass as the artificial or conventional kind. "We must put down these aristocrats of genius too," says a Republican in one of the admirable and philosophical novels of Balzac.

Another noticeable feature in Mr. Disraeli's address was his suggestion that manufacturers would keep their eye on the prizemen of the Institutional Association, and that it was their interest so to do. Such would be a valuable result of its machinery, which may thus be viewed as analogous to the competitive system in Government appointments. At the same time, the occasion is good for reminding people that success in an abstract study does not imply all the qualities necessary for the work of daily life. A shipowner would not solely determine between two seamen by their knowledge of the works of Inman or Maury; nor would a young man more accomplished in these than another be always entitled to complain if that other passed him. Till the end of the world the magic of personal character—that wonderful quality, only tested by action—will make its ascendancy felt. We should be sorry to see our Bristol youth measuring human worth only by the tests of a pedagogue; and thus much may be allowed without infringing on the respect which we have always paid to the competitive principle.

Naturally, both Mr. Disraeli and Lord Stanley, on the occasion under review, dwelt on the cheerful aspects of their subject. And they were justified in this by the results which were before them, and which were the texts, indeed, on which they had to preach. But we ought to remind the youth of the north, all the same, that the acquirement of really great knowledge under such circumstances as those in which they are placed, demands qualities as rare as the rarest genius; and that the attainments of most of them would not bear satisfactory comparison with those of men more happily circumstanced. It is better they should remember this truth amidst their practical occupations, than that they should learn it by bitter methods, through any attempt to break out of these, under the influence of a too hasty ambition. Let them always value Knowledge for what she is, and not for what she does.

GALLEY-SLAVES IN ROMAGNA.—The Government of Bologna has lately obtained proofs of a fact which to most Englishmen would doubtless seem incredible, and which would probably appear so even to Italians, if they did not know that the late King of Naples, of merciless memory, twice used the same unrighteous expedient in order to excite anarchy in Sicily; and that Austria not long ago employed it at Verona to give rise to deeds of violence in Lombardy. A number of galley-slaves have been recently released by the Roman Government, and furnished with passports for Romagna.—Florence correspondence of the *Athenæum*.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

A FRENCH PAPER states that it is seriously proposed to establish a direct steam service between France, India, and China.

GREAT DISTRESS is said to prevail at Trieste, which city has not been thriving during the last few years.

A BILL OF COMPLAINT has just been filed by a shareholder in the Edinburgh and Glasgow Bank against the chairman and joint managers.

PREPARATIONS ARE BEING MADE AT WINDSOR CASTLE for the reception of the Prince and Princess Frederick William of Prussia, who will arrive at Windsor shortly before the 9th of November, the birthday of the Prince of Wales.

A NEW OPERETTA by Mr. H. Leslie, to text by Mr. J. P. Simpson, has been accepted at Covent-garden Theatre. Preparation, too, is there going on for the production of "Lurline," by Mr. Wallace.

LORD BROUGHAM has been elected Chancellor of the University of Edinburgh. The result of the poll was as follows:—Lord Brougham, 634; the Duke of Buccleuch, 419. The polling for the assessor: For the Solicitor-General, 272; Sir John McNeill, 181: majority, 88.

GEORGE, King of Dahomey, is dead.

THE FRENCH MINISTER OF JUSTICE lately made his report on crime in France, and gave the abstract of it in the columns of the *Moniteur*. The Minister took this occasion to make some instructive contrasts between crime in France and crime in England, in the course of which the Lord Chancellor was described as presiding at the Old Bailey!

SIR E. BULWER LYTTON has returned to England, and is in the enjoyment of restored health.

SWANSEA is suffering from an immigration of mosquitos, brought by some vessels from Cuba.

CAPTAIN MCCLINTOCK has declined the gift of the yacht *Fox* which Lady Franklin wished him to accept.

The *Irresistible* (screw), of 80 guns, was launched at Chatham on Thursday week. The screw-steamer *Immortalité*, 51 guns, was launched at Pembroke on the same day.

THE AYRSHIRE ELECTION has resulted thus:—Sir James Ferguson (Tory), 1857; Mr. Campbell (Liberal), 1841: majority, 46.

A HOUSE GUARDS' ORDER has prohibited smoking in mess-rooms.

A BELGIAN, M. TELESPHORE LOIS, has accepted the invitation of the Brazilian Government to navigate the Amazon River from its source to its mouth. M. Lois has engaged sixty-four men to try the adventure with him.

THE AUTHORITIES AT BERLIN have opened the Museum and Picture Galleries in the Lustgarten on Sundays with the greatest success. Crowds gather to the Egyptian Hall, admire the marble Apollos and Minervas, pore over the wondrous allegories of Kaulbach and Cornelius, without apparent injury to their morals, though very much, it is rumoured, to the loss of the wine-cellars and dancing-gardens.

THE "SEQUER TO ADAM BEDE" which is now advertised is not by the author of "Adam Bede."

THE STATEMENT THAT A MISS ANGELINA CAROLINE BOSANQUET, daughter of the late Admiral Bosanquet, had committed suicide by taking laudanum appears to have been fictitious, no such persons having ever existed.

THE OXFORD TOWN COUNCIL have resolved to commemorate the birthday of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, on the 9th of November, by entertaining the children of all the schools with a public dinner.

THE CUNARD (LIVERPOOL AND NEW YORK) STEAMERS are in future to call at Cork to receive the Irish mails from America.

THE BOMBAY TOWNHALL seems to have been taken possession of by white ants. The libraries of the Asiatic and Geographical Societies, the papers in several Government offices, and the organic contents of the Museum, are exposed to destruction.

THE DOWAGER LADY PEEL (widow of the great statesman) was found dead in her bed on the morning of Friday week.

A DESTRUCTIVE FIRE took place at the Royal Entrepôt, Antwerp, on Monday week. Several lives were lost, and much property was destroyed.

THE REV. MR. KING, the Rector of St. George's-in-the-East, leaves to the Bishop's decision only the two following points:—The hour of the lecturer's afternoon service; and the use of coloured stoles and the chasuble.

THE GERMAN VOLUNTEER BATTALION, OR JAGER CORPS, has, under the orders of Lord Clyde, been incorporated with the army of Bombay.

DURING PRINCE NAPOLEON'S STAY IN ENGLAND he purchased a small steam-yacht from Mr. Rigby, a well-known shipbuilder of Holyhead.

LORD BROUGHAM, who is now in Paris, lately visited the house in Edinburgh in which he was born. His Lordship is said to have betrayed considerable emotion as he passed through the rooms familiar to his childhood seventy years ago.

THE ADMIRALTY has received intelligence respecting the state of the officers, seamen, and marines wounded in China, from which it appears that many of them are convalescent.

M. PULMAN, Clarenceux King-at-Arms, and for many years Usher of the Black Rod, died on Saturday.

A BOA CONSTRUCTOR, twenty-eight feet long and thirty-two inches in girth, was killed in Penang lately.

AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE, on the 10th inst., there will be a great gathering to celebrate the centenary festival of the poet Schiller. There is to be a grand torchlight procession; and some of the poet's songs are to be given by a thousand voices. The Chrysanthemum Show takes place on the 9th.

THE NUMBER OF WORKMEN EMPLOYED AT CHATHAM DOCKYARD is to be increased, and they are to work "overtime." Several line-of-battle ships are being built in this yard.

MR. CORDEN has had an interview with the Emperor of the French.

A GREAT FIRE took place on Friday week at the Palace of the Senate (Palais de Luxembourg). The salle des séances was completely destroyed. Four persons were dangerously injured. The galleries, the museum, the library, the throne-room, the archives, and the historical apartments, were all saved.

JERSE ARBON, late rate-collector to the Hull Local Board of Health, has been sentenced to fourteen months' imprisonment, with hard labour, for embezzlement.

THE ANNUAL COURSE OF RIFLE INSTRUCTION to the officers, non-commissioned officers, and troops of the Line at Chatham has terminated. The officers and men who have been under instruction during the past year are said to have made astonishing progress.

THE PROTEST adopted in this country against the detention of the boy Mortara from his parents is to be presented to Lord John Russell, at the Foreign Office, this day.

THE MEETING OF THE SHAREHOLDERS OF THE SUEZ CANAL COMPANY at Paris, which was fixed for the 15th of this month, has been adjourned *sine die* on the request of the French Government, who have promised to look into the enterprise and instruct their diplomatists at Constantinople.

GREENWICH HOSPITAL is to be the subject of another inquiry by Royal Commission, and Mr. Huft, M.P., has accepted the invitation of the Duke of Somerset to act as chairman.

SCHAMYL HAS LEFT ST. PETERSBURG FOR MOSCOW. He was so ill that two servants had to lift him into the carriage.

ACRE IS VERY PREVALENT IN THE FEN COUNTRY. The country is well drained, but the air is impregnated with miasma from empty dykes and drains.

THE REV. WILLIAM BOYLE COGHAN and his wife, of the Galley Parsonage, Gate House, N.B., are claimants for the Dunmow Fitch, to be presented in September, 1860, on the second anniversary of their wedding-day.

AT KILMARNOCK, it is said, several revivalists, conscience-stricken for having been so wicked as to indulge in the reading of Burns' Poems and Shakespeare's Plays, have committed their copies of these works to the flames.

IN THE LIST OF NAMES of those who have just passed in the examination for the degree of Bachelor of Arts conferred by the University of London is the name of a student of the Working Men's College in Great Ormond-street.

THE TWEED COMMISSIONERS have agreed to grant permission to take from the Yarrow and Etrick a quantity of this year's salmon fry to send out to Australia for artificial propagation.

Le Nord asserts that at Zurich it has been definitely settled that the iron crown of the Lombards is to remain in the possession of Austria.

THE RETURNS from the Board of Trade show a decrease of £146,913 in the value of British exports to the Australian colonies during the nine months ending September 30, as compared with the same period for 1858, when the amount reached £5,930,177.

THE COAST DEFENCES OF DOVER are to be strengthened by the extension of the line of fortification and the reconstruction of several of the batteries.

HIS EXCELLENCY HUSSAN ALI KHAN, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of St. James's from the Shah of Persia, arrived at Claridge's Hotel on Wednesday.

A LARGE COTTON MILL, the property of Messrs. Eccles and Co., of Withytree, near Preston, was destroyed by fire on Monday. The loss is estimated at £14,000.

THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

I see advertised a book called "Adam Bede, Junior, a Sequel to Adam Bede." It is necessary to say that the advertised work is not by the author of "Adam Bede." It is unnecessary to point out that this plagiarism of, or parody on, a well-known title is in the very worst taste, and smacks somewhat of dishonesty.

THE THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

The only theatrical novelty is an adaptation by Mr. Falconer of "Les Noces Venetiennes," which has been produced with success at the PRINCESS'S under the title of "The Master Passion." It will be noticed fully next week.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE MAGAZINES.

I do not think that the young men who have come up from Cambridge to teach Londoners how to get up a magazine have made a very brilliant start. The first number of *Macmillan's Magazine* is anything but interesting, and exhibits no speciality nor novel treatment of the usual magazine topics which it deals with. The opening article, "Politics of the Present, Foreign and Domestic," by the editor, Mr. David Masson, is written with pluck and spirit, and in excellent English; it is constitutionally sound in tone, and tells us that Britain's first duty must be to make herself safe; that there must be a navy sufficient to ride round and round her, to keep the silver seas clear between her and the rest of the world, &c., &c. But, though very right, this is not very novel; and we did not require a new magazine to come up from Cambridge to inform us on the point. The opening chapters of "Tom Brown at Oxford" are exactly what might have been expected from Mr. Hughes. Everything that could be said about freshmen at college has been said. We know that the scouts are "stout parties in black;" that tradesmen are ready to supply all articles in any quantity, and say it is quite immaterial when they are paid; that the hunting-men go to chapel with their cords and tops on under their gowns. We've been told all this by many literary men who have been to Oxford and by some who haven't; and Mr. Hughes can put no novelty into his description; he is much better when he gets Tom aloft for the first time by himself in a skiff; and the grief to which he comes in sculling, and the manner in which the skilled aquatic shot the lasher, are very well told. There is a healthy freshness in a little poem called "Cobbett, or a Rural Ride," by Mr. Venables and the late Mr. Lushington; the sense and sentiment are good, and the rhythm is quaintly musical. Perhaps the best paper in the number is one upon "Cheap Art," by Mr. F. G. Stephens—very practical, very humorous, and perfectly true. It is pleasant to see justice done to such men as Gustave Doré, Julius Schnorr, and Alfred Rethel. Mr. Stephens' description of the "Death of the Enemy," by the last named, is very powerfully written. Of course no new magazine ever started without an imitation of the "Noctes," and *Macmillan's* keeps up the custom. Under the title "Colloquy of the Round Table" we have perhaps the dreariest and most uninteresting imaginary conversation (with an interpolation of the dullest song) perhaps ever printed. And one of the company is a Scotchman, by way of a pleasant boon companion, who talks the soft bastard English, thus:—

Mr. M'Taggart. Come! come! If we tak' to prophesying, we had better send for Dr. Cummin' at once, and get the real article. I declare I'm tired o' hearin' o' naething but about Italy. I wish that our political illuminators, instead o' flashin' their lanterns through lenses up and down that lang peninsula o' the Mediterranean, wad just turn their lights down a bit on things nearer home. There's the strikes, noo! That question is just like a great strong beast rushin' in: folk are grippin' at it, and tumblin' over't wi' tryin' to grip it, and rugin' oot nievfu' o' hair frae its hide, and cryin' oot, "I've catcht it, I've stoppit it;" but de'il a bit is the beast catcht or stoppit for a' that, and naeboddy has anythin' left in his hand for his trouble but a sma' nievfu' o' hair.

Why do Scotch gentlemen in print always speak in an utterly different manner from Scotch gentlemen in society, or is the *we* inserted into illuminators and Mediterranean as a joke?

There is a curious article in *Blackwood* called "The French on Queen Mary," whence we learn that French authorship and editorship have lately been profusely dedicating their services to Mary Queen of Scots. Lamartine and Alexandre Dumas have each produced a volume called "Marie Stuart." M. Chernel published a historical essay on the relations between France and Scotland, and Prince Labanoff and M. Teulet have both given to the world collections of the letters of "Scotia's fated Queen." The principal amusement in the article is, however, derived from a M. Dargaud, who blunders in the most preposterous manner, reading "server" and "carver" as the names of two lords, who puts John Knox into Parliament, and describes Queen Mary riding alone through England pursued by the ferocious dragons of Elizabeth. Evidently from the same hand which sketched the Papan sea-battle in the last number we have now a capital paper called "A Week in Florence," which is not only remarkable for the graphic fidelity of its description, but from its sound moralisings and reflections on matters appertaining to art and artists. The truth of the following passage must be recognised by every one:—

It is impossible to find a clearer interpretation of the difference between art ancient and art modern than is to be found in Florence. A strait society, confined within those turreted and castled walls—an intense local pride, love, and vanity, which had no objects so close at heart as the humiliation of its neighbours by the exhibition of its own wealth and glory—a civic population, where every man knew every other man's origin, and where, at the height of fame and popularity, the great painter was still the son of the garland-maker, and content to glorify that distinction;—these were the days when the artist carried on embassies, conducted fortifications, bore a hand in wars; but when he returned to work, carried with him, into whatever he was about, the enthusiastic sympathy of scores of shopkeepers and workmen and simple bourgeoisie, who had been at school with the lad, and had known him all their lives, and took honour in his triumph. And thus the familiar popular regard grew round him, and stimulated his hands. He was a capable man, ready for whatever might be needed, not a student with his brushes and his palette and nothing else to stand upon. When anything new was to be done, a quarter part of the town turned eager eyes upon him. Perhaps the other quarters had each their own champion. Then came such competitions as the world does not see nowadays—where every man's heart was in the strife—where the master fell into a burst of simple admiration over his own work when he had finished it, yet, magnanimously amazed at the excellence of his rival, cried out, in simple-hearted acknowledgment of a superior, "To thee it is given to make the Christ—to me the Contadini!" and where the citizen's delight in the glorification of his town seems to have been enough to neutralise the artist's disappointment when another hand was chosen to do it. These were the days when all Tuscany had a festival because a gate was fixed at the Baptistery, and when everybody worshipped with an affectionate superlative admiration the accomplished glories of *la bella Firenze*, the city of their hearts. Think of that proud Florentine, labouring hugely all day long in his own arrogant fashion for the same embellishment, who counts these Baptistery gates of it for gates of heaven, and challenges Donatello's Marco to speak to him, and has himself buried that invincible, unsayable soul, who could not comprehend dying, when he could still see Brunelleschi's dome, the pride of Florence, rising grand into the Italian skies! Yes, think of Michael Angelo, with his grey rampant yonder defending the slope where San Miniato shines in the sunshine, and where the Austrian bullets still appear imbedded in the medieval wall, with his big David in the busy Piazza, and his bigger shadow pervading with his fervent home-love, its heroic admiration, its arrogant local pride, this town of Florence; and then think of an English painter in his studio, with hopes of the Royal Academy, and dazzling dreams of society—whose "success" is to have picture-dealers squabbling over his works, and to be taken "out" perpetually, and perhaps to ruin himself in a vain emulation, and count it for his highest social glory that a Duke or a Marquis honours the artist's board. There he is, lost in London, which perhaps he hates, and most likely never wastes a thought upon, struggling up in the crowd, intent upon mounting on the shoulders of fame and getting on in the world; or, if he does not do so, a very blamable person, without any regard for the interests of his family, as everybody will allow. Is it wonderful that the men have changed with the times? Does anybody's heart go into the Houses of Parliament? Is it any longer possible to adorn with all the loving fancies of genius one's home, where one knows every lane and corner where one's forefathers have lived, and where one's children will be, and where everybody knows the origin and the story, the rise and the progress, of the homeborn poet? Nay, must not the young genius hurry off rather into the multitude, where no man shall be able to call

him Andrew of the Tailor, or remember his father's shop, where shame of his humble birth will make him either boast of it or be silent as death on the subject, and where all his energies shall be directed, by means of his pictures, to get on in the world? Very well, getting on in the world is a perfectly honest and legitimate ambition. But that is one reason why there is no Florence in England, and not a Michael Angelo, nor even an Andrea del Sarto, to be heard of at present in the artistic world.

There is also in *Blackwood* a very elaborate and generous review of "The Idylls of the King," while the political papers are on "The Allied Operations in China" and "The Future of the Army of India."

The *Constitutional Press*, eschewing completely the bigotry and personality which tinged its earlier numbers, is becoming generally interesting. Two good novels by popular authors are being published serially in its pages, and the papers this month on "The Shams of the Day" and "The Irish Revivals" are excellently written—the one with a keen application of the ludicrous and great power of observation, the other with moderation and great good feeling. We miss the pretty verse-writer of the "Suppers of the Tories" this month, and find no equivalent for his sparkling contributions in a rather dreary political ballad.

The *Dublin University* has a capital number, with a well-varied table of contents. The best papers in it are essays on "French Military Matters" and on "Heinrich Heine." From the former I extract the following description of the habits of the Zouave:—

Many know the outward appearance of the Zouave, but few are acquainted with his specialities. He is short, but broad-shouldered, fine-waisted, muscular, and nervous, his head shaved, and he wears a tufted beard, has a keen eye, a jeering smile, and a bold, swinging step. Such is the Zouave, the first soldier in the world for sudden, rapid marches, difficult ambuscades, skirmishes with advanced posts, and all surprises, in which he has shown himself more ruse, more wary, than even an Arab. If a position is to be carried, he runs forward, his head down, overthrowing all in his course—"he is no longer a man but a bullet, which one in air must hit its mark or fall." He cordially hates cities, and holds garrison life in horror, detesting its inevitable minute discipline. When shut up in a room, and warm with wine and talk, he is apt to come to blows, at least he is so, if we are to believe the following couplet:—

Quand l'Zouave, coiffe de son fez
A par hazard quelque goutte sous l'nez,
L'tremblement se met dans la cambuse,
Mais s'il faut se flaqueur des coups,
Il sait rendre atouts pour atouts,
Et gare dessous,
C'est le zouzou qui s'amuse!
Des coups, des coups, des coups,
C'est le zouzou qui s'amuse!

That which he rejoices in is camp freedom, raids and forays into the enemy's country, *le fricote* (*fricane*) improvised, and tobacco-smoking and military gossip with a comrade under a tent. Living an almost nomadic life, he follows the example of the philosopher Bias, in carrying about with him all he possesses. Though this is not much, his knapsack or "cowskin wardrobe" is immense, and even when on expeditions is as full as it can hold, contrary to the practice of common soldiers. Besides regular ingredients it contains knives, forks, and spoons, suet, spices, and other indispensable condiments for giving flavour to the *fricote*, for the Zouave is a true gourmet, and *chef de marmoules au bonnet rouge*. His ragouts might not be successful at Vefours or Philippe's, yet in Africa, in the desert, have caused even Generals to lick their fingers! He can make hare soup without following Mrs. Glasse's recommendation to first catch the hare, since an inferior animal, such as a cat, will serve his turn. Horse he can metamorphose into *fillet de bœuf*, and camel into mutton outlets. When he catches an unwary lizard among the rocks, and discovers an ostrich's egg in the sand, he transforms them into *grenouille aux œufs frits*. In short, all is fish that comes to his net, and he shows most feathered or four-legged beasts he meets the way to his *marmite* or pot. Thus gifted with the culinary talent, he would find himself in clover among the barn-door fowls and little pigs of English farmyards. In his songs he glorifies in styling himself an African lion, or, more commonly, *un charal* (jackal), comparing himself and partners to troops of this beast of prey, whose taste for stolen mutton he partakes of. Morally speaking, his character has grown out of his military pedigree, for his corps inherit the ferocity, desperate valour, and predatory propensity of their Algerine godfathers, who emulated on land the fame of their corsair countrymen at sea.

It appears that the articles called "The Season Ticket," which have been running for some months through this magazine, are by Mr. Justice Haliburton. The present number contains, also, an *in Memoriam* of Baron Pennefather, and an essay, semi-biographical, semi-critical, on Mr. Thackeray.

SIR W. NAPIER'S ADVICE TO RIFLE CORPS.

A CERTAIN Mr. Wise, of Dorking, speaking at an agricultural dinner, touched upon the subject of rifle corps, and, amongst other things, said "he could venture to say that, at all events, not a man of the Surrey Rifle Volunteers would hide behind a bush or a tree." Mr. Henry Drummond, with his keen-pointed good sense, instantly pinned this "flying folly of the wise;" but still it was received with loud cheers from the meeting; and now Sir William Napier is provoked by it to give some good advice to rifle corps. He says of Mr. Wise that,

instead of asserting that Surrey riflemen would never hide behind a bush or a tree, he should have expressed his earnest hope that they would do so, and the teaching them "how to do it" is of vital importance. The art of hiding behind trees and bushes, stocks, sticks, and stones is the very essence of modern warfare. The teaching regular soldiers how to move in masses is an absolutely necessary foundation to support the superstructure of real warfare, which is, in fact, this very hiding behind sticks and stones. A great deal is said about bayonet charges and solid onsets of heavy columns, but much less of that takes place than is supposed by men who only read of war; three-fourths of every battle between regular armies depend upon the stick-and-stone practice; and the whole of a battle, as between volunteer rifle corps and regular troops, will depend upon the former's skill in hiding.

An invading enemy's column must generally march along the main roads; it will therefore be well for volunteer officers, either singly or with their companies, to examine all the roads leading through their county upon London or any other great town, and thus ascertain all the points of advantage offered for hiding behind sticks and stones—Mr. Wise's dictum notwithstanding; and to trees and bushes should be added railroads, banks, houses, public or private, bridges, &c., from whence their rifle balls will pitch into the enemy's columns. All ranges are good, but the longest range is best here, because it will give time for the riflemen to retire from the enemy's sharpshooters, and to find a new stick or stone for hiding. And be it remarked that, in examining the county, our volunteers should look well to the line of their retreat, choosing that which will be the most difficult country for the enemy's riflemen to follow, or that which will lead the enemy towards the rear of his line of march, and that also which will enable the volunteer most readily to join other volunteer corps acting in the same way. Thus they will inevitably enforce delay on the enemy, who cannot advance until he recalls his skirmishers, or they will be left behind to be overwhelmed by the accumulating numbers of our riflemen. Accumulation in this case will be most efficacious, but the forming large bodies of riflemen to move about in masses under the command of one man cannot be too strongly deprecated; it will be entirely opposed to the vital principle of rifle warfare, and will only make bad regulars instead of good irregulars. It is not meant, however, that there should not be commanding officers of large bodies, for that will be essential to concert and combination; but in the actual fighting and minor movements small bodies only should be employed. The seeking or declining a fight should be left entirely to the inferior commanders with small bodies, whose intelligence would thus be very soon awakened to what was right, and those endowed with a natural talent for war would very soon be distinguished and looked to both by their friends and enemies.

I feel sure that, with this system, England may be successfully defended against any numbers, but I do not think London can be defended so easily; it is too near the coast, and there must be for its defence combinations between the regular army outside and the metropolitan volunteers inside, who must be taught how to occupy lines of houses, and docks, and canals, and bridges; and the best of those lines should now be examined and marked out upon maps for the instruction of the City volunteers, if any should be enrolled. For my part, I think all able to bear arms should be enrolled in time. I hope it will be so, for assuredly a very dangerous crisis is impending.

Sir W. Napier also objects that "the making men good shots is placed above the art of manoeuvring irregular corps." In his opinion it should be just the reverse. "To be a good shot is a very good thing, but is of less importance than the art—using a slang expression—of 'bringing the shooters to the scratch.' This is much the most difficult also; for Englishmen are almost sure to have a natural disposition to fire well, and, with very little teaching, having their rifles constantly in hand, will become good marksmen."

FIELD-MARSHAL VON BENEDEK.

THIS distinguished Austrian General, who figured prominently in the late war, has recently been appointed to the command of the army of Venetia, an appointment that has been generally approved, as he enjoys the reputation of being one of the bravest and most popular commanders in the Austrian service.

Ludwig von Benedek was born at (Edenburg, in Hungary, in the year 1804. He was educated in the Neustadt Military Academy, and in the nineteenth year of his age he obtained a commission in an infantry regiment. In 1840 he attained the rank of Major, and in the year following he was promoted to that of Colonel.

In February, 1846, the outbreak of disturbances in Galicia afforded Benedek an opportunity of proving his ability as a military commander. The suppression of the insurrection was, indeed, mainly due to his efforts, and he was rewarded with the cross of the order of Leopold.

When the Milan revolution broke out in the year 1848 Benedek proceeded to Italy conjointly with General Wohlgemuth. On the 31st of March they arrived at Mantua, which was then occupied by Field Marshal Gyulay.

In the beginning of April the Piedmontese made a movement in the direction of Mantua. General Gortzkowfki, wishing to reconnoitre their strength and position, dispatched Benedek with a battalion of his regiment, a company of the Imperial Jagers, and a troop of Uhlans, in the direction of Marcaria. A skirmish took place, and Benedek entered Marcaria, driving the Piedmontese across the Oglio. On the 13th of May, on the occasion of a second reconnaissance, Benedek again attacked the enemy's position at Osone, and again he gathered well-earned laurels.

On the 29th of May, 1848, Field Marshal Gyulay commenced storming the strong line of the Curtatone. Benedek commanded the last storm, which was carried along the whole extent of the line. The personal courage and military skill of which he gave evidence on this memorable occasion obtained for him the grand cross of the order of Maria Theresa.

Benedek distinguished himself no less in the second campaign against Piedmont. The intrepidity with which he made himself master of Mortara, and broke the enemy's centre, turned the scale of victory. He not only drove the enemy from the town, but he captured six pieces of cannon, a great quantity of ammunition and baggage, and made prisoners 66 officers and 2000 men.

In 1849 Colonel Benedek was raised to the rank of Major-General, and he joined the army which was sent into Hungary. The brigade he commanded formed the advance-guard at the opening of the summer campaign. At Komorn the palm of victory was justly due to Benedek. In that battle, which was fought on the 11th of July, he had a horse killed under him.

On the 3rd of August he placed himself in presence of the enemy, and, at the head of the 12th Jäger battalion, he crossed the Theiss by a pontoon bridge. He drove the enemy from Uj-Szegedem, and at the storming of a fort on the outside of the town he was struck by a rebound ball. But his wound was not so severe as to prevent him from bearing a distinguished part in the battle of Szoreg on the 5th of August. In that battle he was wounded in the foot by a grenade, and he was afterwards more severely wounded whilst engaged at the head of his brigade in blowing up some batteries. He was now disabled, and reluctantly compelled to abstain from taking part in the rest of the campaign.

The name of Benedek is found in connection with every brilliant engagement of the Austrian army in Italy and Hungary; and, as commander of the advance-guard brigade, he had usually the most difficult and responsible share in every important battle.

In October, 1852, General Benedek was raised to the rank of Lieutenant Field Marshal; and, on the retirement of Marshal Radetzky

in 1857, he received the command of the 4th Army Corps in Lemberg, and was appointed a Privy Councillor.

In the recent Italian war Benedek commanded the 1st Army Corps.

THE EGLINTON SUSPENSION-BRIDGE AT BATHURST.

THE accompanying Engraving represents a novel kind of suspension-bridge, the invention of Mr. G. Rankin, a well-known engineer of New South Wales. It seems that previous to the year 1852 the wooden bridges throughout the colony, although erected at considerable expense, were rude in their construction and unskilful in design. In that year, however, Mr. Weaver, then colonial architect, introduced the principle of laminated arched bridges with great success. The first construction of a bridge on this principle was at Maitland, when the Victoria Bridge was erected, in the above year, across Wallis's Creek, by Mr. Weaver. It is of a design well suited to that locality,

and the result of this contraction on a trussed frame less simply constructed, and whose greater variety of parts contracting in different degrees and directions must necessarily introduce a variety of cross strains, which, from the impossibility of foreseeing them, cannot be guarded against, and must ultimately lead to the failure of the whole structure.

CRYPT DISCOVERED IN THE PRIORY CHURCH, CHRISTCHURCH, HANTS.

A VERY interesting discovery has been made at the Priory Church of Christchurch, Hants, during the restoration of the building, which has been commenced by the energetic officiating clergyman, the Rev. Z. Nash. A crypt similar to that in the south wing has been found in the north transept. It is Early Norman, and, probably, the work of the famous Ralph Flambard, afterwards Bishop of Durham. The building is apsidal, and measure



FIELD-MARSHAL VON BENEDEK, COMMANDER OF THE ARMY OF VENETIA.



THE EGLINTON SUSPENSION-BRIDGE OVER THE MACQUARIE RIVER, BATHURST, NEW SOUTH WALES. — (DESIGNED AND CONSTRUCTED BY MR. G. RANKIN.)

where, on water-worn banks and a deep, soft soil the construction of a permanent bridge of stone would have been a formidable undertaking.

There are, however, very many important passes where the use of piers or piles cannot be made available, and one of these undoubtedly is the point of the Macquarie River over which Mr. Rankin has built the Eglinton Bridge. The Macquarie, like all other rivers which rise and flow through a mountainous and broken country, is subjected to frequent and heavy floods; and as its tributaries, sweeping through the mountain valley, collect in their course, and wash down into the main stream, immense quantities of drift wood, composed of the branches and stems of those gigantic trees with which the interior of the country is in many places clothed, these form, at length, a moving mass on the surface of the torrent sufficiently powerful to carry before them every impediment.

It was a close observation of these facts which led to the conviction in the mind of Mr. Rankin that any bridge construction in such a situation, to be permanent, must depend for its supports solely on its abutments, as any obstruction to the free discharge of the water, such as piers or piles placed in the channel would offer, must inevitably lead to the destruction of the entire structure.

The width of the river at the spot where the bridge has been constructed is 120 feet, the same span is given to the bridge between its abutments.

The bridge consists of two trussed frames or girders, which, resting on their abutments, and rising gradually thence to the centre of the span, support between them the cross sleepers on which the roadway is carried. Each truss is composed of a number of logs of timber of convenient lengths (twenty feet long by one foot square). The "scarfs" and "buts," are firmly secured by wrought-iron straps and bolts, by which means a built-beam is formed with depth sufficient to resist the cross strain to which it is subjected.

The lateral thrust which would be the resultant of any weight acting perpendicularly on the bridge, will be resisted by the abutments.

The abutments are formed of piles driven in a slanting direction into the sloping banks of the river in such a manner as to afford the requisite amount of lateral resistance to the thrust which the inclined beams exert against them.

The platform on which the roadway is supported consists of three-inch planking, bolted to the cross-beams, covered with a layer of sand and coal-tar laid over hot. The whole is covered by broken stone, about six inches in thickness.

The principal advantages presented by the invention are—1st, its applicability to great spans where piers cannot be introduced as intermediate supports; 2ndly, the extreme simplicity of the general design—a consideration of great importance when it is remembered that the woods of New South Wales are, almost without exception, subject to considerable contraction when exposed to the action of the atmosphere in a dry and warm climate. The immediate result of this contraction on a trussed frame less simply constructed, and whose greater variety of parts contracting in different

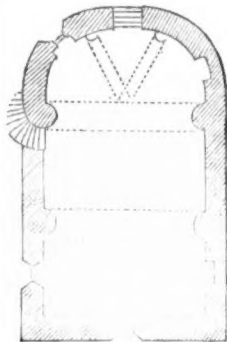
30ft. by 12ft., and is 9ft. 7in. high. It is approached by a winding staircase from the north-west turret. The roof is formed of small stones laid edgewise, and supported by two broad arches rounded at the edges, each of which rests upon two half pillars similarly rounded. A string-course with a deep bevil is continued along the side walls, which are 7ft. thick, and forms a capital to these pillars; their bases rest on a low bench-table. The masonry is of great excellence. The crypt is lighted by a west window, a south window, and a north-east window, each being a single round-headed narrow light; the latter has a very deep splay from the sill, graduated like steps. Opposite each of the side windows is a round-headed recess or aumbry. In the apse are two small circular shafts, 3ft. 9in. high, with plain capitals and bases, supporting two diagonal ribs. Between them a door has been pierced, leading to three stairs; the remaining steps opened into the garth, but are now parted off by a massive wall. They may have communicated with a door now closed up in the N.E. angle of the choir and transept. The eastern apsidal chapel of the south transept, built by Dean Flambard, still remains, but that in the north wing, which stood over the crypt now under consideration, was removed to give place to two early decorated chapels built by the Montagues, Earls of Salisbury. (See Walcot's "Coast of Hants and Dorset," p. 359, just published by Mr. Stanford.) A very curious application of the crypt was discovered on its being opened. In it were laid, with extreme care, about two thousand human bones; it had, therefore, served at some remote period as a charnel for the poor remains of former interments which were laid bare from time to time. Under the chancel of St. Leonard's Church at Hythe, in Kent, a similar collection exists, which, as they were not mentioned by Leland, may be presumed to have been collected subsequent to the Reformation. The crypt under the Lady Chapel of Hereford Cathedral was designed to be a "Carnary;" and carny chapels are found also at Worcester and Norwich.

Over the apsidal chapel in the south transept is a similar chapel in the story above. Over the decorated chapel in the south transept is an oblong room which has furnished a curious discovery to the excellent architect who has charge of the restorations, Mr. B. Ferrey. On the west wall were a series of holes made in the plaster, which were, absurdly enough, said to be the places for staples to hold the saddles of Oliver Cromwell's Ironsides, who, it need not be added, never visited Christchurch. On a careful examination under a good light, when the windows on the east—which were never glazed, but provided with outer shutters—were opened, Mr. Ferrey discovered the delineation of a perfect early geometrical window. On a careful comparison of the dimensions, he found that they exactly fitted an empty window-case at the east end of the south aisle, which he will now be enabled accurately to fill up. The room therefore, probably, was occupied by the master mason.

It is to be hoped that the exquisite doorway from the north transept into its eastern chapel may again be opened. The pews and galleries which now disfigure both transepts should be removed, and the apsidal chapel opened into the north wing. For a complete internal restoration a stone vault is required for the nave, a chancel should be formed at the east end of the nave, of which the rood-screen would form a



CRYPT RECENTLY DISCOVERED IN THE PRIORY CHURCH, CHRISTCHURCH, HAMPSHIRE.



PLAN OF THE CRYPT.

reredos, the organ should be set on the ground in the transept, and the nave be re-seated with benches and lighted by appropriate standards. The present poppy-heads and pew-ends, and miserable imitation of Norman arches in cast iron, should be removed. For these important restorations a county subscription is indispensable.

The tourist who has not yet seen the magnificent minster of Christchurch will be well repaid by a visit to that pleasant town, with its Norman keep, and the baronial hall of De Redvers; and in the neighbourhood the Double-Dykes, below Hengistbury Head, and the camp of St. Catharine's Hill. We hope that he will cast in his mite towards the restoration of the glory of the town, the ancient Priory Church.

FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

VELVET is likely to be the favourite material for bonnets during the approaching season. Several of a very elegant description have been made of velvet of two colours. We have observed a bonnet in this style, made of black velvet, with bias bands of groseille-coloured velvet, intermingled with black lace. The undertrimming consisted of a ruche of groseille velvet, black lace, and ruches of white blonde at each side. Bonnets of a lighter description are not, however, wholly laid

aside, but continue to show themselves on fine days. One, suitable for the carriage drive, has been made of white velours epingle, with bias bands of mauve velvet and black lace. Another, of the same class, is of peach-coloured velvet. A wreath of convolvulus, fastened on the left side of the front, passes completely round the bonnet, and is fixed at the top of the bavolet, also on the left side. The undertrimming consists of a traverse of peach-coloured velvet and black lace, with white ruches at each side.

Several elegant evening head-dresses have just been introduced in Paris. One, which at present enjoys a high share of fashionable favour, is called the "Coiffure Elisabeth." It is formed of a sort of bandeau of rose-coloured velvet, round which is twisted a torsade of gold. On one side a long white feather is fixed by a gold ornament, and waves towards the back of the head. A wreath mounted in a remarkably elegant and novel style may be described. It is composed of small bouquets of coquelicots and daisies, disposed in groups alternately, and connected one with another by links of gold twist. A gold cord, finished by two very rich tassels, unites the two ends of the wreath. Nets of gold, silver, or pearls are very fashionable evening head-dresses, especially for young ladies. They are usually finished with rich tassels which hang down at one side, and have a very graceful effect. A coiffure espagnole, recently made for a Parisian lady of high fashion, has been greatly admired. A demi-bandeau, formed of a plaiting of black velvet, passes across the upper part of the head.

Two chrysanthemums, the one white and the other shaded pink, with their buds, form a cache-paque at the back. Long lappets of black velvet, edged with black lace, are fixed by gold agraffes to each side of the plaiting of velvet, and hang down behind. These lappets are sufficiently long to descend rather below the waist.

Under-sleeves are made in a variety of fanciful styles. Those open at the ends are frequently trimmed with rows of black and white lace, disposed alternately. Narrow velvet, either black or coloured, is sometimes added. It is usually set on in a lozenge pattern. Sleeves, close at the wrists, frequently consist of a series of small puffs, with intervening rows of velvet or bouillonés, with runnings of ribbon. Canezons of tulle, trimmed with lace, velvet, or ribbon, in a style corresponding with that of the sleeves with which they are worn, are extremely fashionable for evening demi-toilette.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fig. 1.—The mantle shown in this figure is one of the most favourite Parisian novelties of the season. It is called the "Maria Theresa," and is composed of black velvet. Its form somewhat resembles that of the shawl mantle. It is edged with two very deep falls of black guipure, above which there is a row of guipure insertion edged with passementerie. The falls of guipure extend only round the back part of the mantle, the fronts being trimmed simply with the insertion and passementerie. The pelerine is edged with a narrow fall of guipure. The dress is of moire antique, dark blue shaded with white. The bonnet is of white chip, trimmed with black lace and dark blue velvet.

Fig. 2.—This figure shows the "Paestrina Mantle." It is made of black velvet, and is trimmed with narrow lace and passementerie. The back is plaited, and the trimming disposed in rows one above another on the shoulders, so as to form epaulets. The dress is of grey poplin.



FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER—THE NEW MANTLES.

The bonnet, of groseille-coloured crape and velvet, is ornamented on one side with a blackcock's plume.

Fig. 3.—The mantle here portrayed is called the "Carignan." It may be made either of black or brown velvet or of cloth. The trimming is quilted satin edged with passementerie. The sleeves are turned up with broad revers of quilted satin. Dress of green and violet figured silk. Bonnet of violet-coloured velvet, edged with feather trimming of the same colour.

Fig. 4.—The "York Mantle" here represented is made of grey cloth, trimmed with a band of black velvet. The mantle is fastened up the front by a row of black velvet buttons. Drawn bonnet of mauve-coloured silk. Dress of grey glacé.

OPERA AND CONCERTS.

THE latest operatic news of the week is that Mr. Sims Reeves is playing at the Standard Theatre. This celebrated tenor appeared at the Standard three years ago, when, however, he confined his performances to ballad operas. At present an experiment is being made as to the possibility of giving Italian operas with success in the immediate vicinity of Whitechapel; and on Monday night an English version of the "Lucia" was given at Mr. Douglass's establishment for the first time, with Mr. Sims Reeves in the part of Edgar, and Mrs. Sims Reeves in that of the heroine. The experiment may be said to have succeeded in every respect. The house was crowded. Mr. Sims Reeves was immensely applauded, and the audience evidently appreciated the best points in his music, as also in that of "Lucia." Indeed, Mr. Sims Reeves is such an excellent Edgardo that it is worth while travelling as far as the terminus of the Eastern Counties Railway in order to hear him. We are told, by the way, that numbers of passengers come a considerable distance from the country to be present at Mr. Sims Reeves's performances. Some day, when one of the numerous central metropolitan railways already projected is completed, we shall doubtless hear of amateurs travelling their fifty miles a night to Covent Garden; and we may expect that, in time, regular excursion trips to and from the Opera will be organised.

At the Royal English Opera "Dinorah" will be performed this evening for the thirtieth time. An uninterrupted "run" of five weeks is a measure of success never before attained in England by any opera of Meyerbeer at any theatre; and even now there is no intention of withdrawing the work, which will doubtless be performed at intervals till almost the close of the season. Next week two evenings will be given to "Dinorah," two to "Satanella," and two to the "Trovatore." The "Trovatore," of which the first representation is announced for Monday, is being produced at the Royal English Opera for the special purpose of introducing Mlle. Parepa to the audience in the part of Leonora. The new soprano will be supported by Mr. Haigh as Manrico, and Miss Pilling will appear as Azucena, so that the public will now have an opportunity of hearing the successful goatherd of "Dinorah" in a part of great dramatic and musical importance. Mlle. Parepa, though new to the Royal English Opera, is not new to the Covent Garden stage; and she will be remembered by Mr. Gye's subscribers as having appeared last year with success in "Zampa," and the year before (at the Lyceum) in the "Puritani."

That section of the Drury Lane operatic company of which Mlle. Titiens and Signor Giuglini are the chiefs returns once more to London, —and now, for the last time this year—on Monday. On Tuesday the "Trovatore" will be given, with Mlle. Titiens, Mdm. Borchardt, Signor Giuglini, and Signor Badiali in the principal parts; and on Thursday Mlle. Titiens will appear for the first time in London as Martha in Flotow's popular opera of that name. It will astonish the majority of opera-goers to hear that the greatest tragic and melodramatic singer of the day is about to play in one of the lightest works of the light-operatic repertoire; but Mlle. Titiens has played Martha with the greatest success, not only in Vienna, but, quite recently, in the provinces of England. In connection with "Don Giovanni" we can only think of Mlle. Titiens as the representative of one character, but in her native land her Zerlina was quite as successful as her Donna Anna has been in London. Indeed, it would be rather difficult to say what music this accomplished, richly-endowed vocalist cannot sing—we mean, to the greatest perfection. It is generally admitted that she is quite unrivalled in the great German operas; it is equally certain that she is now the best Lucrezia and the best Leonora of the day; and those who were present at the recent performance of the "Stabat Mater" at the St. James's Hall must be aware that in sacred music she is unapproachable.

The plan of the Monday Popular Concerts—of which the first for the season of 1859-60 will be given on Monday, November 14—has been somewhat modified since their institution at the beginning of the present year. It may be remembered that "Monday Popular Concerts" was, in the first instance, the name given to a series of mongrel, low-class entertainments, of which the earliest were supposed to have been got up for the special advantage of visitors to the Cattle Show last Christmas. In announcing a new and "classical" series the directors stated that "the policy which had led to the institution of the 'Monday Popular Concerts,' and which had regulated their management from the beginning, would in no way be subverted by the introduction of a wholly new feature." Nevertheless, the character of the concerts was entirely changed. Instead of entertainments, for the most part without plan (but which always included a large number of the most commonplace compositions of the day), we had concerts admirably arranged, and of which each was devoted entirely to the chamber compositions of some one of the great German masters. The only deviation from this system occurred in one instance, when the first half of the evening was given up to Schubert and the second to Spohr, and, in another, when the entire evening was set apart for the songs and chamber music of English composers. It is true, the directors had never announced that the concerts should consist exclusively of German music. "Classical" was the word used; but people are beginning to understand that "German," or "imitated from the German," and "classical" are very nearly convertible terms. Thus, at professedly classical concerts, we meet with productions by such men as Niel Gade, Lindpainter, and other northern composers without genius, but not with anything by Rossini, who, though undeniably a man of genius, is not a German, nor an imitator of Germans, and, therefore, not "classical." However, the originators of the Monday Popular Concerts had no choice but to keep almost entirely to the Germans, for their series was to consist wholly of chamber music, and this is a branch of art which the modern Italian composers do not cultivate. We believe Cherubini, director of the French Conservatoire, and an Italian by birth, wrote chamber music (and, by the way, he must have been a "classical" composer, for M. Ingres has painted his portrait with a classic muse standing behind him, and apparently engaged in the very act of inspiring him); but the public has heard the overtures to the "Anacreon" and "Les Abencerrages," and will forgive the managers of the Monday Popular Concerts for not making it acquainted with the minor productions of the same composer. The only change in the organisation of these entertainments, as compared with that of last year, consists in this—that, instead of each programme being made up entirely of the works of one great master, the instrumental pieces alone will be by the same hand, while the songs will be selected from various sources. Thus, at the first concert, the quartets, trios, duets, and compositions for the pianoforte alone (or "solus," as the programmes say—"solus" being a Latin, and therefore a "classical" word) will be all by Beethoven, while among the vocal compositions we find airs by Schubert, Rossini, &c. In the case of some of the inferior "great masters" of Germany, the advantage of not looking to them for the songs will be very evident; for there are many German composers who have cultivated instrumental music with great success, but have never been very fortunate in writing for the voice.

THE BUILDERS' STRIKE.—The mass of the building operatives still hold out, though, according to a report in the *Times*, the number of men who had resumed work under the declaration, up to Saturday last, was 12,638. Under the shop rule about 2700 were at work. The dividend on Monday ranged from 12s. to 2s. 6d.

THE REGISTRAR'S QUARTERLY RETURNS.

The Registrar-General's return for the quarter that ended on the 30th of September presents a favourable view of the state of the country. The marriages increased as they do when the prospect of life among the working classes is cheering. Thousands of children in excess of the average were born; the rate of mortality diminished; and the population increased at an unusual rate. As the diminution in the rate of mortality took place in the towns, it may be fairly ascribed to the prosperous state of trade, to the supply of better water, the purification of the air, better drainage, and the various sanitary works which many of them have carried out.

The price of wheat has remained steady at nearly the same figure for a year and nine months; during the last three months it has been 44s. a quarter. This steadiness of price is so important an article of food has a salutary effect. The price of meat has also been steady, and low.

The mean temperature of the quarter was 62° 8, or 3° 3 above the average temperature of the season during eighty-eight years. The excessive heat was accumulated chiefly in July, when the mean temperature was 68° 1; while on July 12 the air in the shade reached 92°, and 93° on the 13th and the 18th; so that during ten successive days the mean temperature of day and night exceeded 70, a thing unprecedented during the period over which correct observations extended. The air was drier (72) than usual; but the rainfall (8·2 inches) somewhat exceeded the quarterly average. The thermometer on the grass never fell below 40 deg. in July and August, whereas it usually falls several times to the freezing point of water.

Pauperism is below the average in the kingdom. The average number of paupers in receipt of relief during the quarter was 783,449, or less by about 29,000 than the numbers receiving relief in the corresponding quarters of the two previous years. Next as regards public health—104,339 persons died in the last quarter. This number is 6079 in excess of the deaths in the corresponding quarter of last year; and the rate of mortality, 2·093 per cent., is below the average (2·138); the excess in that average being due to the epidemics of cholera. "A certain number of the deaths in the quarter may be set down as natural deaths, and they would not have exceeded 72,533 if the mortality in sixty three districts of England, by no means in unexceptionable sanitary condition, be taken as the standard. The 30,806 deaths in excess of that number are unnatural deaths, the results of causes which it is the duty of every member of the community to endeavour to remove." The deaths in London during the quarter exceeded the average. The high temperature facilitated the decomposition of the impure refuse under the houses, in the streets, and in the river. Diarrhea was unusually fatal all over the London area; scarlatina and diphtheria were epidemic. In the surrounding divisions the mortality was also above the average, as there the same diseases prevailed, with variable degrees of severity.

STATISTICS OF TOBACCO.—The Dean of Carlisle delivered a lecture last week at the Carlisle Athenæum on "Tobacco: its Influences—Physical, Moral, and Religious." In the course of his lecture the Dean furnished the following curious statistics:—In 1856, 33,000,000lb. of tobacco were consumed in England, at an expense of £8,000,000, £5,220,000 of which went in duty. There is a steady increase upon this consumption, exceeding the contemporaneous increase of population. In 1821 the average was 11·70 oz. per head per annum, in 1851 it had risen to 16·36, and in 1853 to 19 oz. We hear of 20,000 hhd. of tobacco in the bonding-houses in London at one time. There are 90 tobacco-manufacturers in London, 1569 tobacco-shops, 82 clay pipe-makers, 7380 workmen engaged in the different branches of the business, and no less than 252,048 tobacco-shops in the United Kingdom. In France much more tobacco is consumed, in proportion to the population, than in England. The Emperor clears 100,000,000fr. annually by the Government monopoly. At St. Omer 11,000 tons of clay are used in making 45,000,000 tobacco-pipes. In the city of Hamburg 40,000 cigars are consumed daily, although the population is not much over 150,000; 10,000 persons, many of them women and children, are engaged in their manufacture. 150,000,000 cigars are supplied annually, and the business represents £4,000,000. In Denmark the annual consumption reaches the enormous average of 70 oz. per head of the whole population; and in Belgium even more—to 73 oz. or 4 3-5lb. per head. In America the average is vastly higher. It is calculated that the entire world of smokers and snufftakers consume 2,000,000 tons of tobacco annually, or 4,480,000,000lb., as much in tonnage as the corn consumed by 10,000,000 Englishmen, and actually at a cost sufficient to pay for all the bread-corn eaten in Great Britain. Five million and a half of acres are occupied in its growth, chiefly cultivated by slave labour, the product of which, at twopenny per pound, would yield £37,000,000. Time would fail to tell of the vast amount of smoking in Turkey and Persia. In India all classes and both sexes indulge in this practice; the Siamese both chew and smoke. In Burmah all ages practise it, children of three years old, and of both sexes. China equally contributes to the general mania; and the advocates of the habit boast that about one-fourth of the human race are their clients, or that there certainly are one hundred millions of smokers.

AMERICAN EQUALITY.—The Hôtel du Louvre has been recently troubled by an American Exhibition which reminds us that Monsieur the Minister of Justice is not the only person a little behind his time in the great city of boulevards. Two gentlemen of colour took up their quarters in the hotel, little anticipating the reception in store for them. They had been accustomed to travel in England; and had become bold enough to stand erect before the white man; and to sit and eat in his august presence. They entered the gorgeous salle-à-manger, therefore, of the Hôtel du Louvre without fear, and took their places at the table d'hôte with all the ease in the world. They were prepared to eat of the same flet aux truffes, and to enjoy the same supreme which were to invigorate and gratify the very whitest man or woman at the table. But they had counted without their countrymen of the West. They were free to eat with enslaved Frenchmen, but not with the enlightened Republicans of the stars and stripes. The waiters were presently seen to be in violent discussion with a group of thin and sallow men, who were "guessing," and "calculating," and "reckoning," vehemently. These waiters were informed that the sallow gentlemen in question guessed they were not going to sit at table with niggers; that these same gentlemen calculated the landlord would have to turn the fellows out; and that these gentlemen reckoned, moreover, that they themselves would kick the vermin out neck and crop, should the landlord prove that he did not know his business. The landlord, or head of the hotel, was introduced. This gentleman very properly declined to expel his coloured guests: whereupon enlightened Republicans of the West actually took the law into their own hands, and kicked the "niggers" out of the hotel. And nobody had the courage to take the "niggers' part!"—*Athenæum*.

STRANGE ROBBERY.—A man called, in a dog-cart, at the residence of a reporter in a midland town, bringing a very illegible note, signed with the name of a country squire, stating that his (the squire's) housemaid had just deliberately cut the throat of the nurse through the jealousy, and that he had ventured to acquaint him of the affair, thinking that he might want to know about it as soon as possible. The reporter mounted the dog-cart, but when about halfway to the squire's residence he was suddenly seized by the throat by the seeming farm labourer, robbed, and thrown out into the road. The note was a forgery, and the dog-cart had to be borrowed by the man from the proprietor of a roadside inn, under the plea that the said squire "had just been taken seriously ill," and that he wanted it to fetch a doctor. The house and cart were found the following morning in a field near their owner's house.

SUICIDE.—There is, unhappily, no segment of England that is not blurred by suicides; but the number of suicides predominates conspicuously in certain districts as compared with others. It is certain that the greatest tendency to suicide is found for the most part in districts which are chief centres of commercial activity, and where the mental, moral, and physical powers are kept in the highest degree of tension. The tendency to suicide is below the average in the purely agricultural counties, with the exception of Lincoln, Kent, Sussex, and Hampshire. In Herefordshire, Buckinghamshire, Bedfordshire, and Somerset, counties in which agricultural pursuits predominate, but in which small manufactures are carried on in cottages, and in which immorality and ignorance are great, suicide is also below the average. If we compare the agricultural and mining counties of Westmorland, Cumberland, Northumberland, and Durham, with the agricultural and mining counties of Cornwall, Monmouth, and the districts of North and South Wales, we see the northern counties ranging towards the highest pitch of suicidal disposition, the southern and Welsh towards the bottom of the scale. It may be remarked that, in 1841, the greatest number of persons of independent means in proportion to population were to be found in Surrey, Middlesex, and Westmorland; and, in 1842-43, the greatest amount of real property existed in Lincolnshire—all counties of excessive suicidal tendency. These coincidences deserve to be remarked in connection with the opinion of some writers that wealth and a sufficiency of means predispose to suicide; in fact, that a greater tendency to suicide is manifested among those of easy circumstances than among the impoverished.—*Dr. Forbes Winslow*.

MR. DAVID HUGHES, the "defaulting" solicitor, has been committed for trial on several charges of fraud.

ANOTHER VIOLENT GALE.

ANOTHER gale swept over the metropolis and round our coasts on the early days of this week, doing immense injury to life and property. In London houses were unroofed, the streets were strewn with bricks and broken tiles, and many persons were injured by their fall. A child was blown into the road and run over; several men working on or near the river were blown into the water, and were drowned. The shipping in the Thames suffered severely; there was scarcely a vessel that did not lose spars, sails, or rigging, and the collisions through vessels parting from their moorings or dragging anchors were very numerous.

From Southampton, Portsmouth, Deal, Plymouth, Bristol, and other ports we have disastrous accounts. Great damage was done to shipping, but no particular cases have been quoted.

A return of the losses by last week's gale, made up to Friday week, sets down the number of vessels as totally wrecked at 96; vessels stranded and other casualties, 530.

THE CIVILISATION OF AFRICA.

A MEETING of great interest to the missionary world has been held in the Senate House of the University of Cambridge. The largest audience ever remembered there came together, and was addressed by the Vice-Chancellor, Mr. Gladstone, the Bishop of Oxford, the Bishop of Grahamstown, Sir George Grey (of the Cape), Mr. Walpole, M.P., and several of the Professors. The meeting was held to take those steps which Dr. Livingstone had indicated as necessary to the promotion of successful missions to Central Africa, the Oxford and Cambridge Universities uniting for the purpose. It has been fully resolved to establish a mission to those regions—not exactly a new missionary society, for the promoters hope to be able, in the course of time, to hand over their mission to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. At present the movement will go by the name of the "Oxford and Cambridge Mission to Central Africa." A thousand pounds is required for the outfit of a Bishop and six other missionaries, and the annual expense of maintaining the mission is put down at £2000. This organisation has been established under such distinguished auspices that there is little doubt it will be well supported. A new and remarkable feature enters into the plan of this mission. As Dr. Livingstone had declared that civilisation and Christianity should be worked together as twin sisters, it is deemed advisable that the funds shall be employed in the advancement of science and the useful arts, as well as in the preaching of the Gospel, and especial attention will, at the same time, be given to questions connected with the slave trade.

INFECTED PORTS.—The Board of Trade announces that it is not true that yellow fever has appeared at the port of Zanzibar; that the Spanish ports of the Mediterranean are infested with cholera, but that Carthage is free from it; and that all vessels going to Rhodes with foul bills of health, and goods and passengers, cannot undergo quarantine in that island, but must do so at Candia, Cyprus, Dardanelles, Smyrna, Salonica, Grevisa, or Tripoli.

THE WILL OF THE LATE ROBERT STEPHENSON.—The executors to Mr. Stephenson's will are George Robert Stephenson, civil engineer; Charles Parker, solicitor, of Binfield; and Charles Parker Bidder, civil engineer. The document, which covers two sheets of foolscap, is dated the 13th of August, 1859. The personality is sworn under £400,000. The principal legatees are the executors. The cousin of the deceased, George Robert Stephenson, of Wimbledon, in the county of Surrey, has bequeathed to him the deceased's interest in the factory at Newcastle, and in the Sribstone Collieries in Leicestershire, which the deceased inherited from his father, the late George Stephenson. The testator also leaves to the same cousin his leasehold house in Gloucester-square, Hyde Park, together with the furniture, pictures, plate, library, wine, and other effects, and half of the furniture and effects in the deceased's office in Great George-street, Westminster, the other half being bequeathed to Mr. George Parker Bidder. Mr. George Robert Stephenson further obtains an absolute bequest of £50,000 in money. The other two executors receive £10,000 each. To Messrs. Robert and James Stephenson, two other cousins of the deceased, resident in Newcastle-on-Tyne, there is bequeathed the sum of £5000 each. The deceased's partner in the Newcastle factory, and another gentleman connected with that establishment, are each left £2000. £4000 is bequeathed to a lady named Emily Lister, late of Boulogne-sur-Mer, and £1500 each to her two sisters. Legacies of £2000 each are left to various civil engineers, including Mr. Edwin Clark, of Sydenham; Mr. Thomas Elliot Harrison, Mr. W. W. H. Budden, of Clapham, &c. Several female cousins of the deceased, most of whom are married, obtain legacies of £2000. The sum of £5000 is left for the maintenance and education of the children of the late Mr. Starbuck, of Walbrook. An annuity of £100 is provided for a servant of the deceased, named Margaret Tomlinson; and the sum of £20 each is given to all the other servants who had been with Mr. Stephenson upwards of twelve months. The will further includes bequests to various philanthropic and educational institutions; and it concludes by vesting the residuary estate equally in the three executors. The will is remarkably simple in its language, and almost entirely free from technical phraseology.

LAW AND CRIME.

THE trial of George Frederick Royal for the murder of Zipporah Wright, at Poplar, occupied two days last week. The prisoner was a shoemaker, and in his youth had been in service, in a menial capacity only, to two chemists. The deceased woman lived with him as his wife, and on the 28th of April last gave birth to a child. She continued to recover her health until the 31st of May, when she was seized with pains described as cramp in the inside. The prisoner administered to her some coffee and brandy, after which she complained of burning pains in the throat and stomach, and numbness of the limbs. Her mother came to attend her, and remained with her until her death. A doctor who was called in to attend her told her on the day before her death that she could not recover. This announcement made the subsequent conversations of the dying woman evidence; and it was proved that she complained that the coffee given her by the accused was very bitter, and that she repeatedly ejaculated "God forgive that man!" Two days before her death the prisoner gave her some milk and water, after taking which her pain was increased. On the following day the dying woman's mother, who appears to be of an impulsive temperament, seized the prisoner by the collar at the bedside of her daughter, upbraided him with being her murderer, and said that his deathbed must be hell. The answer of the prisoner to this direct charge appears to have been purely practical. He washed himself, collected his tools, went up to the dying woman, kissed her, and bid her good-by. She kissed him in return, saying "This will be the last time, George." He then departed, leaving her in her dying agony, and was not again heard of until a large reward was offered for his apprehension, after which he was found working at Sydenham under a false name. The body of the woman was subjected to a post-mortem examination, and fluid of an acrid, irritant nature was discovered in her stomach. Dr. Letheby, one of the medical witnesses, ventured to apply a drop of this liquid to his lip, and the result was inflammation or blister, and a sore which lasted several days. The symptoms displayed were those to be produced by irritant poison, and not by natural disease, according to the testimony of two medical men who attended the deceased during life, of two physicians judging from the described symptoms, and of Dr. Letheby, who conducted the post-mortem examination. The matter extracted from the stomach of the deceased poisoned small animals when given to them in minute portions. This poison, for it certainly was poison after the death of the deceased, was not of a mineral order, but Dr. Letheby could not discover its identity with any known poison, although croton oil appeared to approach nearest to it in character and effect. On the part of the defendant no evidence whatever was adduced, and his counsel relied chiefly upon a cross-examination, based upon the deficiency of the medical testimony and the inability of science to identify the poison. The jury returned a verdict of "Not Guilty." Royal's wife, described as "a cleanly-dressed young woman," has since applied for an order from Mr. Ingham, the Ilamersmith magistrate, to protect her earnings from her husband. She said he deserted her four years ago with several children, and that she never saw him again till he was charged at the Thames Police Court. She could support herself and her children comfortably by washing, but she could not keep him. The order was granted.

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